

MAN'S

A SPECIAL REPORT
How Sports, Super Markets
and Sex Have Made
America a Better Place

Learn how to make your
Choreography

How to make your
The Winner: A Super Hero

How to make your
How to make your

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WORLD



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MAN'S WORLD



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**GIRL
IN A
MAN'S
WORLD**

***For a complete
pictorial introduction
to Britta Jansen
turn to pgs. 24-26***



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ASK A MAN'S WORLD

**Readers'
sticklers
answered
by experts**

Q. What mammal is the greatest man killer?

A. The tiger, which probably causes more human deaths than any other mammal. In India alone, in one year, 882 people were slain by the big cats.

Q. When was the rocket invented?

A. At least 730 years ago. The Chinese defenders at Kai Feng in 1232 used rockets to hold off Mongol invaders. They also invented gunpowder, which was then introduced to Europe.

Q. Is incest a crime?

A. Yes, in the United States it is a criminal offense with penalties varying from state to state. The forbidden relationships are those between brother and sister, parent and child or grandparent and grandchild.

Q. What is the widest highway in the world?

A. There are only two 16-lane highways in the world, one in Dallas, Texas, the other the Don Ryan Expressway, Chicago.

Q. If two midgets marry, will they have midget children?

A. No, midgets have full-sized children. Even parents who are short tend to have much taller offspring.

Q. Which large city has the most polluted air?

A. London, England where the air breathed in each day equals five packs of cigarettes per person.

Q. What is the fastest motorcycle?

A. Several machines are being produced with speeds around 110 m.p.h. The fastest is probably the Royal Enfield Constellation, which is capable of 115 m.p.h.

Q. How big are stars?

A. The smallest known star is 10,000 miles in diameter, or more than 2000 more than the Earth.

Q. Is baldness a sign of virility?

A. Yes, women never go bald and most men do.

Q. How far does the human voice carry?

A. The normal range of the male human voice in still air is 150 yards.

Q. Would most women rather be men?

A. Many women resent being women. In a magazine poll 34.3% of the women questioned said they would rather be men.

Q. What is the largest crowd ever recorded?

A. A crowd of 4,500,000 gathered at the 12-yearly Hindu feast of Kumbh-Mela at Allahabad, India on February 3, 1954. In the crush 350 were killed and 200 were declared missing.

Q. How long is a Cadillac automobile?

A. The longest present day Cadillacs are 20 feet, 2 inches.

Q. Is a man who has been divorced more than once likely to have a happy marriage eventually?

A. No, one divorce may lead to a better second marriage, but more than one shows the person is not happy when married.

Q. What animal keeps the largest harem?

A. The fur seal which has an average of 40-60 wives at a time. An exceptionally strong bull seals may have more than 100.

Q. At what age are women most sexy?

A. According to the Kinsey Report women reach a peak of sexual interest in their thirties. Men, however, are most easily sexually aroused in their late teens.

Q. What is the most expensive miniature camera?

A. The Zeiss Contarex with built-in photo-electric meter and Zeiss Planar 1/2, 50 mm. lens. With a full range of accessories this would cost about \$2,600.

Q. How high is Mount Everest?

A. This peak on the Tibet-Nepal border is 29,028 feet high or 5½ miles.

Q. When was the crossword puzzle invented?

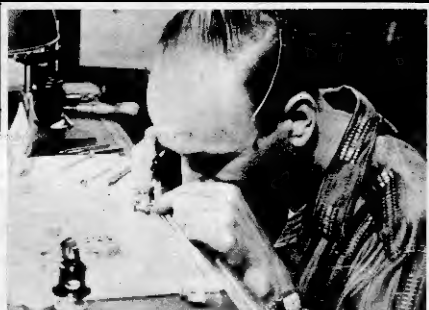
A. The earliest crossword was published in the *New York World* on December 21, 1913.

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DEADLINE BULLETIN

Deadline: WAR ROOM BULLETIN:

In a hopped-up terror war since the U.S. election, Vietcong Reds are proving bossmen in the dirty tricks dept. Eg: Young suicide soldiers dress as girls, tuck grenades in their bras, fixed so GIs will yank the pins trying to take the bras off....Viet radio-men fake SOSs from supposedly downed S. Viet pilots, sucker Saigon rescue 'copters into ambush...."Boom-boom bikes," their frames stuffed with dynamite, are left to go off in public places; one got 32 recently outside a red light area....

Our own dirty counter-terror: Rifle cart-ridges that explode in guerrilla guns.... Short-fused grenades that detonate in the



Bad meat for GI messes?

thrower's hand....Mortar shells with time fuses set to explode after Reds place them in their own arsenal.... All three measures

badly bleed the Viets, who rely heavily on captured Yank materiel; they now don't steal anything because they can't trust it....

Also, with election excitement done, we might start asking what really goes with Air America, that so-called private airline supplying Lao troops, fortified hamlets, etc., and losing a plane per day to Communist groundfire. AA itself swears it's "strictly commercial." But if so, how come its only customer is the U.S. Government? How come it gets \$10 million/yr., one-tenth of our Laos war budget? More than likely it's CIA cloaking under private enterprise cover, and we should know, yes or no....

Short Bulletins: Mystery rumor of horse-meat in Fort Dix, N.J. messhalls solved when an IG noted that meat came in crates stamped PONY, the initials of the Port of New York....In only recorded tournament of its kind, Man with English crossbow outshoots GI using U.S. Army Colt .45....Bugler at John F. Kennedy funeral did not fluff a note in "Taps" as so many believe, but was playing it French style, which calls for "trembling".... Congo rebel witch doctors promise their troops immunity against enemy bullets ONLY if they do not drink or make love before battle. Which leaves the witchies plenty of out when troops are hit....

Deadline: CRIME BULLETIN:

More than a year after the JFK assassination, tourists in Dallas are still bugged by sicko opportunists selling so-called "genuine blood flecks from the death car." Or a lock of Lee Oswald's hair. Or one of Jack Ruby's neckties....

Things most-stolen at ski resorts are those sleek laminated aluminum-wood skis. Most thieves turn out to be European diplomatic corps blondes just too damned cheap to buy their own.... Phone threats to maim wife, and kids, and not bribes, is the prod most used to make fighters take a dive. You seldom hear of it for most pugs are ashamed to admit they have got that much feeling....



Thieves hit ski slopes

NYC HQ guesses that easy 60% of the cop and fireman costumes rented annually are worn by mobsters to shake down shop-keepers and stick up bars....Sickest murder this month was done by the gun-toting NY psycho who forced a night watchman to drink coffee containing cyanide. He wanted to watch someone die slowly....Sickest getaway was made by a Chicago gunman who ordered his gas station stickup victims to down a fifth of bourbon. When the cops came all were too stiff to tell a straight story or make positive ID....

Top status bit in the Washington DC call girl crowd today is a State Department "Burn Bag," used as a purse. Burn bags are simply plain brown paper sacks State men fill with the classified papers they want incinerated....Cop bosses everywhere feel legal off-track horse betting, and state-run sweeps like New Hampshire's will run second to the crooked corner bookie for three reasons: (1) Half the fun in horses is watching the bookie's sour face when you beat him; (2) Bookies take IOUs; the state can't and won't; (3) Legal bet shops can't book parlays, round robins, hit-and-reverse. Most players insist on same because a buck then covers more possibilities....

It's traditional for firebugs to set small practice warmup jobs free on cabin cruisers before lighting into a big warehouse....

Deadline: WOMEN IN ACTION:

The real story behind last summer's business of the Near East sheik wanting to pay a Yankee lady \$50,000 to shack out in his harem for a year is: It was in truth a feeler put by a Cairo white slave slob to suck in a couple dozen foolish virgins for sale to the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

A Sudden Urge To Undress



THE BIG STRIPPING CRAZE AMONG AMERICAN WOMEN

By Frank Thomas

Debutantes, Sunday school teachers, cheerleaders, professionals—they fight for the chance to show off their bodies, doing bumps and grinds that peel the eyeballs out of your head. Why do these seemingly innocent, respectable girls crave the wolf calls and crude applause of hungry-eyed men who mentally rape their undressed bodies? . . .

Man's World

FEBRUARY • 1965



Los Angeles:

THE burlesque show, as vital a slice of Americana as the covered wagon, seems just about ready for the boneyard, along with the ten-cent milk shake.

Syndicate columnist Robert Ruark made this prophecy 15 years ago and it came to pass in subsequent years as one burlesque theater after another in the U.S. shuttered. But the striptease, the piece de resistance of the burlesque show, has by no means petered out. The only change has been in locale. With the demise of the burlesque house, it simply wiggled into night clubs where it is now the main entertainment attraction.

Today the striptease is performed on a very chummy basis. No longer do its devotees have to crane their necks from the back row of theaters or resort to using binoculars from the balcony to get a good view of the action. Now, in the cozy confines of a night spot, a spectator at a ringside table could reach out and touch a trembling torso, if he were so inclined.

Never before has there been such a demand for strippers. As "Variety," the trade paper of the entertainment industry, recently reported: "Chicago, for years a stripper's haven, is now seriously beset by a dearth of peckers. The local American Guild of Variety Artists office receives some eight to ten calls every day from striin club



AT NEW "COLLEGE" for strippers (upper photo) instructor gives student lesson in sexy "benda." Strip parlors now try to use sophisticated type girls (below left and rt.) instead of old-honky tonk burlesque queens



THE BIG STRIPPING CRAZE

operators scraping the barrel for peeling talent. It's estimated that the town and environs could easily employ another 100 strippers."

But of any U.S. city, the biggest boom in strip shows has occurred in Los Angeles, the "city of angels," where there are decidedly more strippers heaving their hips than there are angels doing good deeds. Night clubs featuring strip shows have been in existence in Los Angeles for some 20 years. But it was not until five years ago that the striptease became a booming business.

The man generally credited with turning the "city of angels" into a "city of strippers" is a rotund veteran night club owner named Chuck Landis. In 1958, when the night club business in L. A. had come to a near standstill because of television, Landis opened a plush emporium on

the Sunset Strip called The Largo. A parade of peelers who took turns bumping and grinding continuously from 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. constituted the entertainment policy and it paid handsome dividends.

Ever since opening night, crowds have jammed the Largo to watch curvy cuties strut their stuff. During the first year of operation, more than 150,000 cash customers drooled through the club and the number has steadily risen in each succeeding year. Last year Landis grossed \$750,000 and expects to do even better this year. Landis sums up the secret of his success in one word—class.

"The Largo is not a joint," he says, "and I don't stand for any rough stuff in here. My customers are the same people who go to see Edith Piaf and Harry Belafonte."

In accordance with his "class" policy, L.A.'s peel palace potentate em-

COLLEGE GIRLS (left and below) try out in "Amateur Night" to discover new stripping talent. Stripping craze has even spread to films (below Sophia Loren strips in "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow")





TOPLESS BATHING suit craze (above) is part of new "take-it-off" disposition of U.S. women....



WEST COAST strippers (above, rt.) specialize in "sweet and innocent" act....

plays only sweet young things as strippers. Current star of the Largo show is Miss Beverly Hills, a ravishing redhead with a classy monicker in keeping with Largo tradition. When she isn't baring her body at the Largo, Beverly works as a TV and movie actress. To date she has had bit roles in "Breakfast at Tiffany's," "Days of Wine and Roses," "Critic's Choice," and "Toys in the Attic."

"Working at the Largo is the best thing that ever happened to me," says Beverly. "When I first started, I wondered about the reaction from casting directors. But everything has worked out fine. The Largo has been a tremendous showcase for me. Where else can I appear for the town's leading producers, directors and stars?"

Giving Landis and his Largo Club some hot competition several blocks away on the Sunset Strip is the Body Shop, another peeler's paradise specializing in hammering dents in expense accounts. Although smaller and less palatial than the Largo, the bump and grind set at the Body Shop is just as cute and capable. Headliner there is Brandy Long, a luscious long-legged blonde whose act is just as intoxicating as her first name and well worth the two drink minimum.

When Brandy's act is announced, a hush of expectancy settles over the audience and the rhythmic, crescendo beat of a tom-tom starts throbbing an electrifying (Continued on page 52)



Roaring anti-American slogans like an enraged dragon, Red dictator Mao Tse-Tung seems ready to meet the U.S. head-on in an all-out clash, and with a 125 million man army of ready-for-death fanatics, he's confident he can win. How good, actually, is this Chinese war machine? A U.S. expert pins down the rumors and false information about the power that has become America's biggest headache . . .



THE rough United States Eighth Army dug in around the hills of Inchon ready to repel the advancing hordes of Red Chinese counter-attackers. The ground seemed covered with Red Star headgear as the attackers fell before the heavy machine gun and artillery fire. Then the defending Americans saw something so unbelievable that rear echelon Intelligence sent up special teams to investigate the truth of unit battle reports. The incredible truth was that only the first wave of attacking Chinese carried rifles. The countless thousands trotting behind them were unarmed. When an armed man fell before the withering fire of the entrenched (Continued on page 81)

RED CHINA'S ARMY: MENACE OR





FEMALE INFANTRY. (above left) and kindergarten "Ming Bing" reserve troops (above right) would be used in last ditch defense by Mao Tse-Tung. But for aggressive assaults on bordering countries, highly trained shock troops (below) and modern tanks (far left) are what the United States fears most

By Joseph Disher

PAPER TIGER?





STEEL HAND doesn't handicap Allen Heath as he cuts ahead of rival in winning race at Ascot Park (rt) despite doctor's prediction he could never compete again. (At left Heath quietly acknowledges crowd's applause for his victory.)

THE first time Allen Heath got behind the wheel of a midget racing car and practiced with it on a race-track, he lost control, slid into a wall and bounced into three new racers in the infield, wrecking them. The first time he drove a midget in a race, he crashed it. The next time, he rolled it over. When he first tried sprint cars, which are bigger than midget cars but smaller than Indianapolis 500 cars, he got upside down four times in five races. The first time he drove an Indianapolis car at the famed Speedway, he slid on an oil slick and crashed into a wall.

Once he was rammed by a car and hit in the head by that car's wheel. Despite a bad headache, he continued in the race and won it. Coming back to race the next night, he collapsed on the track. Taken to a hospital, he was found to have a fractured skull, and was confined for three months. In another accident, he suffered broken ribs and a punctured lung. The day he got out of the hospital, he was . . . (Continued on page 68)



His career seemingly ended when he lost his left hand in an Indiana crash, Allen Heath pushed himself back into the seat of the same machine that had maimed and nearly killed him, spurred by some magnificent quality of heart and courage to drive again. Now this race-stealing demon is again burning up the tracks, an ornery, brawling, rough-and-tumble fighter for first place who has stolen so many races his victims call him "The One-Armed Bandit" . . .



ALLEN HEATH BRAVEST MAN IN AUTO RACING

By Bill Libby

"SO LONG" under yellow sky
bill for the day tomorrow



A
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TOM RUBEK



A Classic of
Suspense by the
Roughest Master of
Violence Since Spillane

Nude Blonde OF MANHUNT STREET

She was the long-legged, soft-curved lure in a cross-country murder marathon. And right on her heels was a mauling ex-syndicate gunman named Parker, following the trail of a \$250,000 fortune—and ready to pile up corpses like pancakes to win it...

WHEN the guy with asthma finally came in from the fire escape, Parker rabbit-punched him and took his gun away. The asthmatic hit the carpet, but there'd been another one out there, and he landed on Parker's back like a duffel bag with arms. Parker fell turning, so that the duffel bag would be on the bottom, but it didn't quite work out that way. They landed sideways, joltingly, and the gun skittered away into the darkness.

There was no light in the room at all. The window was a paler rectangle sliced out of blackness. Parker and the duffel bag wrestled around on the floor a few minutes, neither getting an advantage because the duffel bag (Continued on page 87)

By Richard Stark

Art by Tom Ruback

© 1963 by Richard Stark from THE MOURNER, published by Pocket Books, Inc.



RED trained troops used most modern weapons and tactics, (above) were on their way to taking over Yemen when ex-Marine Linkworth's guerrillas pushed them back

THE OKLAHOMA YANK WHO **Blocked** A RED MIDEAST TAKEOVER

By John Godwin



SULTAN OF YEMEN promised Linkworth he would put a stop to barbaric customs such as manacling a "runaway" wife (left) if American would train natives (center), lead them against Soviet-financed army (rt)



MAJOR job Linkworth had was teaching tough, independent tribesmen (left, rt.) to fight together, use new guerrilla tactics...



A rugged, ex-Marine drill instructor, this oil prospecting American adventurer whipped a few ragged nomads into a combat-ready anti-Communist force. Then in an all-out "dagger and mudball" charge against a Kremlin-backed tank army, he pulverized Russia's chances to establish a foothold in Africa into so many grains of worthless Sahara desert sand . . .

Beirut:

THE three Egyptian light tanks looked like weird armor-plated bugs crawling through a lunar landscape. The mountain plateau over which they were rolling in single file lay in the southern Arabian backwater of Yemen, but it might have been a science-fiction planet. As far as the eye could see the ground was pockmarked with craters—some of them large enough to hold a city block—and strewn with thousands of huge, crazily shaped boulders that seemed to glow in the heat. Suddenly the engine roar of the leading tank sank to a choking splutter, then died off com. (Continued on page 45)



HONED into top fighting skills by U.S. ex-Marine, native troops swept Red raiders back into desert





THE DOSSIER:

BASICS:

Britta Jansen, born in Denmark, in America as an exchange student, 22 years old, 36-24-36, can cook and sew and wants a large family.

FEELINGS:

"Sometimes I go into black moods and life seems like a terrible bother. Fortunately the moods never last more than three and a half minutes and if I want them to go sooner, I have a large piece of chocolate cake, which reminds me of a certain country lake in Denmark and makes me very bright and cheerful."

PEEVES:

"I get annoyed at American men because they all think my blonde hair is marvelous. Blonde hair is all right I guess, but the inner part of a person is important too. Sometimes I think I will dye my hair jet black and say that I am from just outside of Rio de Janeiro. Then I would know if men really like me for myself."

FASCINATIONS:

"Americans supermarkets are the best places, and when I go into one I pile up my basket with everything I see. But the check-out clerks are very nice, even neglect other customers to help me. I guess they admire a girl who seems like a home-body."

TRADE-IN BLONDE

*Girl
in a
Man's
World*



**TRADE-IN
BLONDE**



Hits and Misc's

FACTS YOU HAVE NO USE FOR:

1. Snails travel 23 inches an hour. (Going fast)
2. Girls will never run as fast as men because they are born knock-kneed.
3. Beer is better for your teeth than any other liquid.
4. Dogs have to pay a fare on street-cars in Switzerland.
5. There are still 2 Japs on Guam who have not surrendered, and cannot be found in the jungle.

ANIMALS ARE HUMAN TOO:

Bobo, prize gorilla of the Seattle zoo, is handsome, healthy, but doesn't like girl gorillas. Zoo Director Frank Vincent thinks a pornographic movie may help Bobo. Problem: Who makes dirty movies for gorillas?

TOURIST TALE

A group of tourists from New York City were going through an ancient castle in England. "This castle," boasted the guide, "has stood for five hundred years. Not a single stone has been touched, nothing replaced, nothing altered."

"Hmf," sniffed a woman tourist, "they must have the same landlord we have."

Gift suggestion for a girl who Really has Everything: A Bikini

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD:

A much married and famous actor introduced his latest spouse to his mother. "I'm glad to meet you," said the mother. "Any wife of my son's is a friend of mine."

FAMOUS QUOTES

"I am not in favor of turning off the lights in the White House. We operate enough in the dark as it is."—Barry Goldwater

"I seem to be growing old alone. My wife hasn't had a birthday in five years."—Actor Paul Newman (married to actress Joanne Woodward)

"If we had more Hell in the pulpit, we would have less Hell in the pew."—Billy Graham

"I am convinced that every boy in his heart would rather steal second base than an automobile."—Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark

"Girls are always running through my mind—they don't dare walk."—Rings of the Beatles

WHY HYENAS LAUGH ALL THE TIME

Some hyenas are true hermaphrodites. They are both male and female. They can become fathers and they can give birth as mothers.

PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME

The architect who designed and supervised construction of a new 20 story building in Khabarovsk, forgot to include the necessary elevator. A Soviet court sentenced him to live in a room on the 20th floor for five years.

INFLATED EXPLANATION

Shoeshine boys in Tokyo, Japan have doubled their prices. They claim that the Olympics in their city brought so many Western visitors with big feet that it took twice as much polish and work to do the job. Prices had to be advanced accordingly.

SILLY SIGNS:

In a jewelry store: "GET A CARAT FOR YOUR BUNNY."

On a church bulletin board: "TRY OUR PRAY AS YOU GO PLAN."

In a Texas drive-in movie theatre. PLEASE ANSWER YOUR CAR PHONES PROMPTLY TO AVOID DISTURBING OTHER PATRONS

MOST DISGUSTING NEW PRODUCT:

Falsies for skinny-hipped women.

DEFINITIONS EVERYBODY DIGS:

MARRIAGE: A friendship recognized by the police.

BOWLING: A game in which you have to keep your mind out of the gutter.

HEALTH: What some people drink to while ruining their own.

BACHELOR: A man who leans toward girls but not enough to fall.

WOLF: A man who has a retirement plan for girls.

TOUPEE: Ear to ear carpeting.

LIFE IN TEXAS

Sign on a Texas Street: Last Cadillac dealer for three blocks.

Texas millionaire to that last Cadillac dealer: "My wife's sick. What do you have in the way of a get-well car?"

LETTER RECEIVED BY NEW YORK CREDIT FIRM FROM DELINQUENT BILL PAYER:

"I am very sorry I have not paid my account, but I have recently married and have been on my honeymoon. As soon as I am on my feet again, I'll be sure to take care of it."

CORNY RIDDLES

1. What is it? You throw away the outside, cook the inside. Then eat the outside and throw away the inside.

ANSWER: Corn-on-the-cob.

2. Why do geese fly south?

ANSWER: Because it is too far to walk.

3. Can a leopard change his spots?

ANSWER: Why not? If he doesn't like it here he can go someplace else.

4. What word is made shorter by adding a syllable to it?

ANSWER: "Short."

5. When does a woman get her car horn fixed?

ANSWER: When her brakes don't work.

THE GOOD SIDE

Women all over the USA are complaining that sonic boom of planes going through sound barrier are busting their brassiere straps.



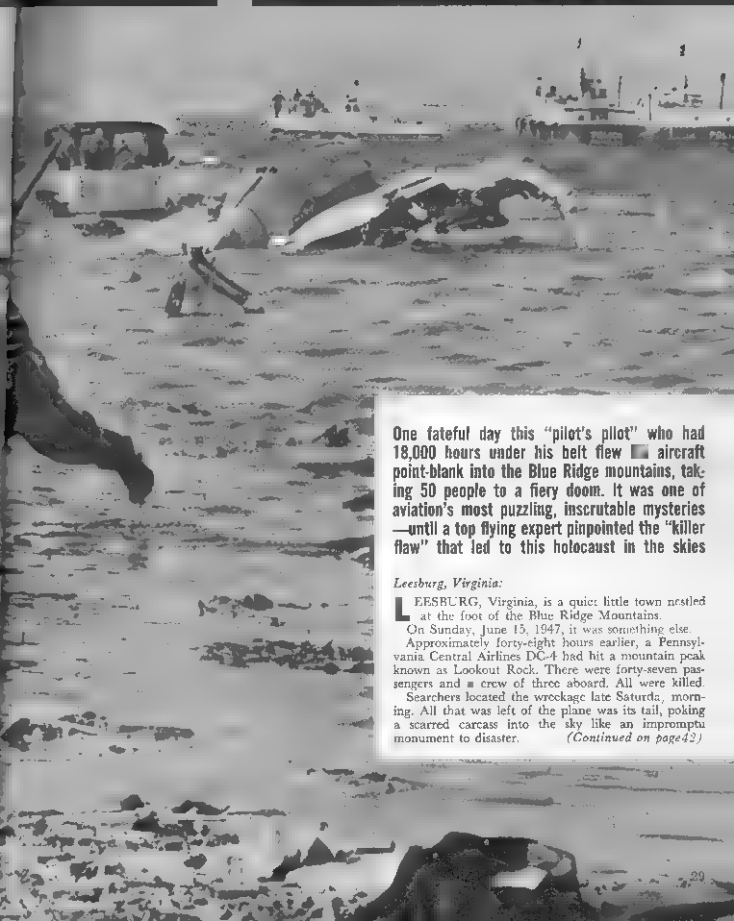
The "Perfect Pilot" Who

By Robert Serling

Excerpted from *THE PROBABLE CAUSE*
Copyright © 1960 by Robert J. Serling
Published by
Doubleday & Company, Inc.



Took Flight 410 To Its Doom



One fateful day this "pilot's pilot" who had 18,000 hours under his belt flew an aircraft point-blank into the Blue Ridge mountains, taking 50 people to a fiery doom. It was one of aviation's most puzzling, inscrutable mysteries—until a top flying expert pinpointed the "killer flaw" that led to this holocaust in the skies

Leesburg, Virginia:

LEESBURG, Virginia, is a quiet little town nestled at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

On Sunday, June 15, 1947, it was something else.

Approximately forty-eight hours earlier, a Pennsylvania Central Airlines DC-4 had hit a mountain peak known as Lookout Rock. There were forty-seven passengers and a crew of three aboard. All were killed.

Searchers located the wreckage late Saturday morning. All that was left of the plane was its tail, poking a scarred carcass into the sky like an impromptu monument to disaster.

(Continued on page 42)



ESCAPE

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A tiger of a U.S. gob who swore he'd sooner rot in hell than in a Jap prison camp, this New Jersey sailor commandeered a half-scuttled old gunboat and, with 15 battle-weary shipmates, embarked on an incredible getaway from the Philippines—in their hold food and fuel enough for just seven days, ahead of them 2000 miles of South Pacific crawling with searching Japanese ships and planes . . .

MAY 5, 1942. The valiant American-Filipino Army which had stopped the Japs cold for almost five months in the Philippine Islands was sounding its final death rattle. General Jonathan Wainwright, with the last defenders, crouching in the honeycombed "Rock" of Corregidor, braced themselves for the inevitable onslaught from air, sea and land which would write the end.

The United States Navy had been reduced to a handful of motor launches and one ship, the *U.S.S. Quail*. On that afternoon, the *Quail* had taken three hits from Jap shore batteries on Bataan which had smashed her bridge and blown away part of her stern, but she continued to (Continued on page 64)



FROM CORREGIDOR

By Jack Pearl

Bar Girls, Street Wenches and Red Light Dolls: A NEW STUDY

By Harry Benjamin, M.D. and R.E.L. Masters

Their life is an endless round of sex and violence with strange, sometimes cruel, always demanding men. For the first time, Man's World present a probing picture of what drives these tragic love-for-sale females to the kind of existence any normal woman shuns like the plague . . .





HIGHER-PRICED combines may allow customers to look girls over before buying. With men, girls are happy to pose for photographs (above), but those arrested are extremely shy about revealing their faces (below)



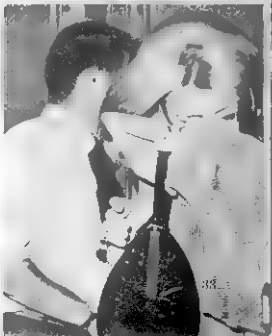
EVERY civilized society has had its prostitutes.

In America the prostitute stratification is complex and the variations are many.

The call girl

There is not always a clear line between the call girl and some other kinds of prostitutes. Nonetheless, the phrase "aristocrats of prostitution" is generally of value in distinguishing the call girl.

Quite a few girls, working in bars, fairly often receive fees of up to \$50 or even \$100 for an all-night engagement—the same fee received by many call girls. However, the call



RED LIGHT DOLLS: A NEW STUDY



WORST LIFE is led by big city bar girls, who inevitably become alcoholics, often take to drugs. Next in scale are street girls (above, rt.) while call dolls (below) are "aristocrats" of prostitution



girl receives the higher fees more consistently and in the long run her earnings are higher.

On the average, call girls are better educated—a fair number college educated than other prostitutes. But streetwalkers sometimes have degrees from the best universities, and not every call girl has managed to finish high school. In the latter case, however, the call girl has usually had the self-discipline necessary to educate herself.

The call girl is usually stylishly and tastefully dressed; but so are some of the other prostitutes. Neither does every call girl maintain a luxurious apartment. Their

residences and the neighborhoods where they may be found, vary greatly. Some call girls are subscribers to answering services—enabling them to keep on the move, usually from hotel to hotel.

Some, the more successful, call girls are distinguished from most other prostitutes by the pride they take in their technical skills, or by their foresight and understanding that a well-pleased customer is likely to return. In any case, the "aristocrat of prostitution" is more likely than her colleagues to consider herself a mistress of the erotic arts. She will volunteer a variety of caresses. She becomes an astute diagnostician, discerning and supplying the kinds of stimulation her customer requires or most enjoys. Typically, she strives to create the illusion that time is unimportant, while making certain that the customer is well-satisfied before his time is up. She is more likely than other prostitutes to stimulate pleasure responses and to try to give the impression that she is genuinely attracted to her customer. In general, the experience with her is on a higher and more satisfying plane. Almost uniquely, some call girls are willing to accept payment of their fees after the intercourse.

BECAUSE her income is greater and because she spends more time with each customer (and because not so many men are able to afford her services), the call girl typically has fewer sex contacts than do other financially successful prostitutes. She may exercise what Greenwald terms the call girl's "prerogative of refusal"—the right to turn down any customer who for one reason or another is distasteful to her. Some call girls deny that they are prostitutes precisely on this basis. The prostitute is indiscriminate; they say they are not.

Temperamentally, and in other ways many call girls seem to resemble actresses of the "sex symbol" and "glamour girl" varieties, and some other female entertainers. They are often high strung, subject to drastic fluctuations of mood and inclined to (rarely successful) attempts at suicide.

The streetwalkers

Streetwalking is probably the most ancient of prostitute operating methods. It is also the method most objectionable to many persons because of the streetwalker's "high degree of visibility."

Since earliest times, the streetwalker has been regarded as being at or near the bottom of the prostitution ladder. Her fees have traditionally been lower than those received by most other types of prostitutes, and she has been, in general, a less attractive type.

Also in general the venereal disease rate is higher among streetwalkers than among call girls, brothel girls, and even bar prostitutes. The streetwalker is the most likely to be victimized by the dangerous sex deviate, and she may suffer from exposure to bad weather, particularly if she is a narcotics addict. There is another variety of exposure from which she also may suffer: exposure to the police. Known prostitutes are much more easily harassed and arrested when streetwalking.

There are still streets in some European cities where a male may be accosted by a score or more of streetwalkers within the space of a single block; and in the Orient, the harlots may be (Continued on page 58)

Los Angeles:

THE note was written on cheap tablet paper in a childish scrawl, but there was nothing childish about its message.

Mr. Mayor: If you don't stop trying to take away our jobs and ruin our town, we'll stop you ... permanently

There was, of course, no signature, but none was really needed. The threat represented the angry feelings of several hundred men whose mass mood was becoming steadily more ugly.

Mayor Sam Bolden laid the note back on the stack of morning mail, got up and walked to a window. Below, the town of Dodland sprawled across a flat basin, ringed by hills. Most of (Continued on page 72)



chemical vapor as deadly as any war gas. Says an angry reporter, if greedy and corrupt politicians don't start putting the country's welfare ahead of their pocketbooks, America's cities could well become empty, death-fogged ghost towns.

THE DEADLY FUMES THAT POLLUTE OUR CITIES

By Ray Lunt

TEST YOURSELF

ARE YOU NERVOUS

EVERYBODY knows that a man who hoards twenty tons of newspapers in his bedroom is not in the best of health, mentally. And it does not take a genius to recognize the fact that a guy who carries around homemade bombs isn't too well adjusted either. But how about the more subtle signs of mental deterioration? Are you sure you could recognize the first danger signals of an approaching mental breakdown? Forewarned is forearmed. Try this quiz and see just what kind of shape YOU'RE in. Ten out of ten correct answers, and you are a most happy fellow. Nine out of ten and you will lead a fairly normal life. Eight out of ten and the draft board will still take you. Seven and below start thinking about a quiet rest in the country, you are on the road to trouble.

1. In heavy big city traffic you are driving cautiously when a truck driver behind you starts calling you all the foul names he knows because you are hanging him up at the light. As a well-adjusted person you:

- A. Snop your car and tell him you will report him to the police.
- B. Mock him off and haul him out of the car and give him the thrashing he so richly deserves.
- C. Pay him absolutely no mind.

ANSWER: The normal well-adjusted person has a well-developed sense of prudence. Truck drivers are

usually very tough characters. Be sensible, be tolerant, be understanding and stay as healthy physically as you are mentally. "C" is your answer.

2. You wake up one morning and find that you no longer have any interest in sex. This feeling persists for a period of a month. Your wife, doesn't tempt you, your secretary doesn't tempt you, even the baby sitter doesn't tempt you. The really healthy thing to do would be:

- A. Get a physical and mental check-up to see that wrong.
- B. Thank God for your good fortune. Now you can concentrate all your energies on making money.
- C. Start experimenting with new and different types of women.

ANSWER: In all seriousness the loss of sexual desire is one of the real danger signals that a man "has had it." New women won't help, money won't help. The cause of this feeling is usually mental. Get to a head shrinker right away. "A" is your answer.

3. Your boss is treating you very badly. He refuses a raise, makes you sign a register to see how much time you spend in the men's room, overloads you with work and then complains you are goofing off. The money is good, advancement is good, vacations are generous but since your boss is a neurotic, jittery, fault-finding nut things are becoming impossible. So you:

- A. Quit before he destroys your good mental health.
- B. Sit down and have a heart to heart talk with the boss and point out how unreasonable he is acting.
- C. Just sit tight. Keep the job and absorb the abuse.

ANSWER: "C" is the answer. The Big Boss will surely replace your neurotic boss eventually and what better choice than stable you?

4. You are a short, dark, fat fellow who loves six foot blondes. They are your type. Unfortunately, you are not their type. You go along for years nourishing your fantasies. You are

hurting. Finally you make the decision that proves you are mentally well balanced.

- A. You lower your standards and marry a five-foot brunette.
- B. You maintain your standards and keep looking for the six foot blonde.
- C. You enter a monastery and become a monk.

ANSWER: St. Paul said a long time ago, "It is better to marry than to burn." "A" is your answer. Then if you are really well-adjusted and can handle all the guilt feelings involved, look for the six foot blonde, on the side.

5. You are rich, unmarried, childless. You have many relatives waiting for you to kick off but they are a selfish, greedy, unpleasant crew who never show you any disinterested affection. When you come to making your will you debate leaving the money in trust to your faithful, pedigreed dachshund. But if you are really well-balanced mentally, you will:

- A. Set up a trust fund for the dog to be administered by the family so that both will be taken care of.
- B. Cut your family out of the will entirely. Leave all the money in trust for the dog.
- C. Have the dog farmed out with just enough money to last a dog's lifetime. Leave the family the rest.

ANSWER: If you are rich, unmarried and childless, chances are good you are unlovable. As a well-adjusted person you should recognize this fact and not hold it against your blood relatives that they have no real affection for you. Therefore "B" is out. "A" is also out because with your kind of family there would soon be a dead dachshund. "C" is the answer for a well-adjusted and intelligent person.

6. The classic situation. You come home from a business trip to find your best friend and your wife in bed. Naturally the blond boils to your head. But as a sane, reasoning human being with both feet solidly on the



U S HEADING FOR A BREAKDOWN?

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ground, you:

- Point out in a calm voice how unfair they are being to you.
- Give the guy two seconds to get out of the house. Women take longer to dress. Give her five seconds.
- Curse them both and leave. Later come to some understanding with your wife as to how this incident will affect the marriage.

ANSWER: Anyone who is calm and relaxed in such a situation is a real neurotic who is happy to find an excuse to hate his wife or be in a superior moral position. It is quite normal to yield to emotion in such a situation and both "B" and "C" are good answers, depending on how much you really care for your wife.

7. You and two other men crash in the desert. There is only enough water for one of you to make it out of the desert. Two must stay by the plane in hopes of rescue. The decision is left to you: "Who is to go. Who is to stay?" So you:

- Grab the water canteen, say so loudly and take off.
- Toss a coin.
- Seek another solution.

ANSWER: Well-adjusted people don't panic. Also they are not selfish. Also they do not believe in "luck." This knocks out "A" and "B." "C" is your answer and the solution is that you pick the one who is best equipped physically and mentally to make the trip. If you have reasoned all this out so well so far, you are so well-adjusted that there is no question that you are the one who should be picked to carry the water canteen.

8. You are known as a man who is honest, trustworthy, well-balanced; a man who has all the best qualities of a priest, doctor, and psychiatrist or head shrinker as they are called in sophisticated circles. You are also good at arithmetic. Because of all these qualities, you are made chief teller in a big bank with free access to tons of cash. A terrible thing happens. Your wife and son become terribly ill. But for one hundred grand,

the cost of series of operations by top surgeons, and months of care in a special "life-saving" hospital, they will be as good as new: So you.

- Ask the bank trustees for a special loan of 100 grand, basing your request on your sterling, well-balanced qualities.
- Steal the 100 grand.
- Shoot your family and yourself thereby retaining your good name.

ANSWER: Shoot yourself? Are you crazy? "C" is out. As for asking the bank for a loan, you are good at arithmetic too, remember? On your salary it will take you 213 years to pay back the loan. And as soon as the bank trustees hear about it they will transfer you away from the money. If you are truly well-adjusted and in good mental health, the lives of your wife and son will mean more to you than your good name and reputation for being well-balanced. Steal the money. "B" is the answer.

9. You are a young, hard-working executive with a wife and five kids. You have a good home, two cars and all your children have college funds because of your high earning power. BUT one morning you wake up, take a good look at your wife and realize that for 20 years you have been married to a boring idiot and because of sexual attraction, have never noticed it. On this same morning you notice that your secretary of the last five years is a charming, cultivated extremely intelligent woman who has a kind of quiet beauty that is very appealing:

- You leave your wife and children

and run off with your secretary.

- Your armor yourself with all your moral strength and carry on as always, dictating letters to the secretary, making love to the idiot.
- You give your secretary a few added duties such as sharing your hotel room on business trips.

ANSWER: A mentally healthy man leaving wife and children to run off with a secretary? Don't be silly. You are too sensible. "A" is out. But you can't keep the status quo. You would become neurotic. Unhappy. It would be very bad for your wife and five kids to live with an unhappy man. So "B" is out. For the sake of of your family, make yourself happy. Enjoy yourself with the secretary until your wife becomes more interesting. After all, how smart can you be if you lived with an idiot for 20 years without noticing it? "C" is your answer. You can be prudently immoral and still retain good mental health.

10. In answering a quiz on mental health you:

- Answer all questions with the absolute truth.
- Lie like hell. You never know.
- Refuse to answer.

ANSWER: A man in good mental health is always willing to learn more about himself. However, there are some things it is better not to think about. Then again why should you let anybody call you a nut just because they write articles for magazines? If you are really well-adjusted, you would not have read this quiz and certainly would not have answered any questions. "C" is the answer.

A seemingly normal guy suddenly turns into a gibbering wreck or goes kill-crazy with an axe in a "surprise" breakdown that actually could have been predicted months before it happened. Take this quiz and discover the tell-tale signs that separate the well-adjusted men from the ready-to-crack-up boys

Whether it's actual electric "brain waves" or simply some super-strong concentration of the mind's power, there's no longer any doubt that a sixth sense does exist, and that those who control it could hypnotize men into doing their every wish, no matter how strange or repugnant. If Russia discovers this secret first, declares a top U.S. expert, it could mean total, agonizing defeat for America in the Cold War — and, sadly and scarily, in this contest the U.S. ■ lagging as far behind as a turtle chasing a greyhound . . .





EXPLORATION of "sixth sense" so far includes experiments in hypnotism (far left, right); electrode probing of dreams (left, above); demonstrations of various "psychic" powers, such as identifying color by touch, "mental telepathy" and (above, rt.) test in which girl wrote poem while in trance



It is a hard, historical fact that the Russians clobbered us hands down in the race to orbit a man-made satellite. They were the first, too, to launch a human being into space. According to present odds, there is a better than even chance that when an American astronaut sets foot on the moon, he'll find Ivan waiting there to stamp his passport. What's more, the Soviet Union, according to sources in our own government, leads in the study of "inner space"—the vast, unexplored depths of the world's oceans.

But just as crucial as any of these—perhaps more important when all its ultimate possi- (Continued on page 76)



OUR RACE WITH RUSSIA FOR CONTROL OF THE MIND

By Joseph E. Brown

DEADLINE BULLETIN

continued from page 11

Argentine brothels, which pay world's wild-
est prices for Americans. Nipped in time by
Interpol....

One stable of Hollywood starlet-callgirls
now keeps a full-time photographer on pre-
mises, shooting through peepholes, from be-
hind curtains, etc., not for blackmail, but
because most clients like a souvenir photo
...To beat NYC's tricky vice cops, the two-
buck 14th street hustlers (the city's last)



Love conquers law

now sell only pencils,
a nickel each. But, for
two bucks "service fee"
they deliver to your
pad....

Private eyes who
should know say half the
World's Fair pavilion
girls are packing their
"Peace Through Under-
standing" spiel with

all sorts of sex pickup talk, aimed at single
males. Worse, the eyes claim, Fair officials
know about this....

It's unwritten law that a judge must post-
pone any case but murder if you say you need
time to go on your honeymoon....Promiscuous
housewives often pay off their psychiatrists
with .45 slugs and some line such as: "I'm
sorry. You've helped me a lot. But now you
know to much...."

The sensible English hold that the "Sex
furloughs" granted long-term married cons
are not rewards for being nice-guy, but a
step toward saving their homes....Most
long-termers, in their last months before
release, develop "Gate Fever," the wish to
stay jailed for fear they'll muff and bungie
their first woman....

Deadline: WHAT'S NEW:

In Nonsense: So-called executive electric
waste baskets; shred VIP papers in seconds,
makes them unreadable. Weight of paper trips
switch. Weight of one engineer's tie did
too, as he bent to look see; almost pulled
him in. Only \$99.98....

In Sex: Contraceptive for men in pill or
shot form. One of either blitzes sperm pro-
duction six months, after which you take
another or come on double strong in the
potency dept....

In Firearms: An electronic scope sight
which locks trigger and prevents firing if
crosshairs drift off target for any reason
at last instant. Prevents wild, dangerous
shots....

In Chow: World's first chocolate and va-
cuum onto your tank vacuum. Suction spins
turbine blades and pulls in hair clippings
same time. Which means no more G&K's #8D itchy

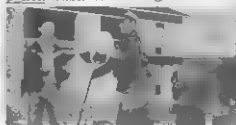
hair ends down your collar....

In Sport: A surfboard, indescribable in
print, possessing many hinges, is self-
propelled by rider's knee bands, at any
dpth rider chokes, at 11 mph. Kit price:
\$39.95....

In Chow: World's first chocolate and va-
nilla checkerboard ice cream. Other big
dairy companies will whip up a cool fortune
for you if you can tell them National Dairy
Products' secret formula....A portable
barbecue for hot lunch nuts. Plug in some-
where at work before noon break and ten
minutes later soup, goulash, coffee, etc.
are all hot....World's only true egg roll.
Comes in one-foot lengths, hard-boiled with
yoke in middle and white outside as eggs
should; for salads, sandwiches. It's all
done with some mass cooking trick....

Deadline: A MAN'S VICES:

Women: Swedish labor unions are quietly
forming "Politeness Squads" to whip the
hide of imported Italian workers who leer
openly at gleaming Nordic blondes and openly
pinch tushies in tight dresses....



Germans hate hard work

Drinks 26%
of U.S. men
drink their
martini
"softball,"
only 4-1 on
the gin.
Less than 1%
guzzles the
stewball
10-1 block-

busters; too much punishment....

Loafing: This will be a shocker, but the
Germans are proven the laziest, sloppiest,
complainingest workers in all Europe. They
put in only 37 hours/wk, refuse overtime,
and carouse around on 129 paid vacation
days/yr....

Gambling: The sick, compulsive horse
player will pinch his wife's grocery money
for bets even when he's just hit a daily
double.... The only thing to remember about
roulette systems is, no system works. Smart
money here bets big, gets in and out fast,
win or lose. Small system betting only keeps
you playing longer to the same end....And
the only sure way to tell whether the dice
are OK is to drop them in water. Loaded ones
always flip over and sink heavy side down....

Deadline: JOB/MONEY BULLETIN:

Your best yardstick for deciding whether
you can go in debt for a new car this year

is the "18% Law" of govt. economists: If total debts (exclusive of mortgage) exceed 18% of annual take-home, DON'T, DON'T, DON'T! A blockbuster medical tab could then ruin you....

For the next ten years; that's right, ten; Ford Mustang will escalate in resale value, not decline. They're expected to follow the of the earlier Thunderbirds, become "classics" and draw more than original price tag....



Missile plants need bookmen

He'll be unpatriotic, but the smart cookie will sock away every silver dollar he can collar. It's doubtful the mint will strike any more, ever. Banks and treasuries are now redeeming each silver certificate with silver powder in a plastic pouch. Coin collectors will dual to the death over the remaining cartwheels....

JOB BULLETIN THIS MONTH: Technical librarians. Missile shops devour them. Colleges and public libraries, too. Start about \$8,000/yr. Shoot sometimes to \$20,000. About \$12,500 is average.... Fingerprint technician. Few want to dirty their hands in this messy job, but it starts at \$4,500 average, gets better all the time, and you are on the inside of law enforcement, one of the world's gutsiest man's jobs.... Seal Hunters. Alaska Fribiloff Islands. Bitter cold, no women, bad food and beds, but pay is \$200/wk plus. Harvest of the creatures began late summer, but there's still time to bring home a skinkful of cash....

Insurance tip: If you're carrying four policies, which is average, do this: Switch each to annual payment plan. Stagger payments to fall quarterly. All companies kick back a premium of about 4% to people who pay in annual lump sums.... 1964 vintage French wines will be the drunkest, tastiest in 30 years, and for a while, the cheapest, since it's plentiest. Buy up. In two years it'll cost like 1927 champagne.... You should really consider buying a \$100 lump car right now for winter and keep your cream puff on blocks till spring. Spare it the danger of frozen blocks, road salt corrosion, snow plow manglings, etc. Most of our top race drivers buy one and just junk it somewhere on May Day....

Deadline: CAR OWNER'S BULLETIN:

Cool-headed reason for spending a little extra on a premium anti-freeze this winter is: cheapie glycols just aren't fast enough at soaking up the 2000° temperatures that build around the valve seats. You run constant risk of a bank of incinerated tapets....

Weirdo tragedy of the month was the one involving the Illinois girl who drove down

= highway looking for her chronic drunk father. She was flattened and killed in a head-on by a careering car in the wrong lane, driven by her father.... That battery rejuvenating junk the local garage sells always seems to work only because the box gets a hot-shot charge at the same time. Warning: Some brands are mere table salt.... Pretty much the same gyp idea holds with your winter crankcase "fast start" additives. Most are just thinners like kerosene that cut thick oil. Sure, it then flows easier, but what this anemic oil does to your bearings, uckhh....

Detroit doesn't like rear engine talk since it's committed to front-engine policy. But just now emerging from the debris of the Indy 500 crash last Memorial Day is the fact that rear engine-packages are faster, more economical, longer-wearing and safer. In other words, best in all four departments that should be prime concern of every car owner.... New Marcs will come in with keys notched to fit the ignition no matter how your fumbling woman sticks them in....

Deadline: OUTDOORSMAN'S BULLETIN

Proof of how nuts the South African Whites really are on race hate, several one-time hunt clubs are now "Killing Academies" where wild-eyed supremacist grannies and mindless teased-hair girls work out with pistols "for self defense while we put the blacks in their place...." Whatever the reason, English boys have taken to duelling in black fights over their girl friends' honor. One a week gets his guts aired. The Bobbies feel it's all = new Nance-boy game to put everyone on....



Air for aquanauts

Trickiest turn in surfing is riding speedboat wakes, freehand, without rope. Also the most dangerous. Chin must almost be on the sternboards; one slip and you're down among the props....

Sudan safaris now running a trim \$8/day, including rifles for lion hunts.... Best infighting tool for the bear or lynx that gets under your gun muzzle is an insect spray can. One shpritz in the eyes, and he knows who's boss. Even the old woods pros carry them, though they hate to admit such = thing; call 'em "Flit-gun Bowie Knives...." The nation's best campsites are now the woodlands slowly being taken off the "no trespass" list by paper outfits holding large timber tracts. All free, some haven't been tented on for 50 years....

New Silicone membranes may spur boom in underwater activity. Used in portable "gill," it will allow diver to take oxygen directly from the water, stay under for hours without any other air supply....

PERFECT PILOT

(Continued from page 29)

Starting Sunday morning, rescue workers began carrying fifty bodies down the mountain by stretcher. At the base, they were put into long, black hearses that rolled through the silent streets of Leesburg to an ivy-covered chapel on the edge of town. There, airline and CAB officials set up a makeshift morgue.

All through Sunday the grim procession wound from the foot of the mountain to the chapel, a small stone building that reeked with the sweet, sickish odor of formaldehyde. The doors were open to let in fresh air. A large white sheet mercifully hid what lay inside. By noon, relatives began arriving to identify the dead. Their grief was just part of the residue of an air crash. But there was other residue.

Alongside the chapel were laid out what was left of personal effects. Traveling bags with seams ripped open and leather hides slashed as if by a knife. A gaily colored scarf. A grimy, mud-spattered kirdie. A baby's rattle. Wallets, watches, jewelry and shaving kits.

Occasionally, an FBI fingerprint man would emerge from the chapel for a breath of air. Invariably, they would shake their heads as to rid themselves of what they had seen inside.

There were sounds. The hushed voices of pity and the sharp sobs of grief. There were the shocked cries of those who suddenly came across some recognized effect.

It was an incongruously sunny, cheerful day in Leesburg. From a sand-lot diamond near by came the crack of bat meeting ball and the cheer of spectators. Overhead thundered passing airliners, almost as if their engines were roaring defiance at the mountain that had murdered their sister ship.

That was Leesburg, Virginia, on the warm Sunday afternoon of June 15, 1947. A pilot had made a mistake.

TO his fellow aviators, Captain Horace Stark of Arlington, Virginia, was a pilot's pilot. He was one of PCA's (it became Captain Airlines) veterans, and had flown airlines since the days when PCA was operating open-cock-pit airplanes and lumbering, rattling Ford trimotors.

"Stark" was quiet, friendly and thoroughly competent. Check pilots had always commented "It was a pleasure to watch him handle a plane. With more than 18,000 hours of flight time behind him, he was the kind of pilot who could sense trouble through the seat of his pants, before it showed up on any instrument. A prop, slightly out of synchronization was a loud, clanging warning bell to Stark. He handled controls gently, almost lovingly. Above all, he flew by "the book"—cautious, calmly firm with his copilots, popular with everyone from mechanics to route-flier brass.

He was forty-six years old and had been flying all of his adult life. Aviation was his profession, and he regarded it with the unobtrusive pride that most pilots display toward their work. Like 99 per cent of his colleagues, he occasionally beefed about the three hundred hours a month he had to spend away from home to get in eighty-five hours of flight time; he complained about frequently unsympathetic control towers and cocky copilots.

But his gripes and his occasional fears were a shell under which he hid his love

of flying. He even loved the DC-4, which had the solid dependability and rusefulness of a trailer truck and also handled like one.

This was the man who commanded PCA Flight 410 on June 13, 1947, bound from Chicago to Norfolk, Virginia, with stops at Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Washington.

The DC-4 left Chicago at 1:32 P.M. The trip was routine except for a thunderstorm encountered over Indiana, between Chicago and Cleveland. Stark tried to go around it but the black clouds seemed to stretch for miles. He finally got cleared to go over it. He was forty-seven minutes late landing in Cleveland, and he failed to make up much of the time in the Cleveland-Pittsburgh leg.

Whether this influenced what was to happen will never be known. But at Flight 410 approached Martinsburg, West Virginia—where Stark was to get clearance into Washington—there must have been some element of impatience.

Air Route Traffic Control at Washington National Airport cleared 410 to the Herndon fan marker, a radio navigation check, at an altitude of 7,000 feet but asked Stark that once at Herndon he could expect a delay of about one hour and twenty minutes before he could land in Washington.

This clearance would have taken 410 over Airway Red 20, a heavily traveled route with traffic stacking up over Washington.

Adjacent to and paralleling Airway Red 20 was Airway Red 61, a much newer route that would have taken 410 over a radio range called "Arcola." In brief, it was a short cut but it also was like leaving a traffic-clogged but well-marked main road for an unmarked, curvy side road.

Both Airways 20 and 61 involved mountainous terrain. But 20 had definite minimum altitude rules. Airway 61, just put into operation, had no such rules. They had not yet been published in the *Airmen's Guide*, and PCA had not authorized its pilots to use the Martinsburg-Arcola route because it had yet to set any minimum altitudes governing 61.

Nevertheless, Stark asked his company dispatcher for a visual clearance (meaning he'd follow the route only as long as he could see the ground) down the west course of the Arcola range, along Airway 61 into Washington. The company dispatcher transmitted the request to ARTC. ARTC granted 410 permission to cross the Arcola range at or below 2,500 feet in accordance with visual flight rules. But 410 was unable to maintain contact with the ground; it should hold at Arcola at 2,500 and inform ARTC.

Stark acknowledged the clearance, which in effect told him he could descend from 7,000 to 2,500 or lower in order to make visual contact with the ground.

When 410 hit Lookout Rock it was at an altitude of only 1,425 feet. Apparently, Stark was still trying to establish visual contact when he crashed.

On the surface, this was a clear case of pilot error. Stark was a veteran, very familiar with the area over which he was flying. Yet he descended to below 1,500 feet over terrain that at points rose to far greater heights. He was playing Russian roulette with a DC-4 and forty-seven passengers, and he lost.

But as so many air accidents, this also was pilot error that merely culminated a series of mistakes made by somebody else. The CAB acknowledged this in its final report on what happened to Flight 410.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration (now Federal Aviation Agency), which governs air traffic control rules started

the deadly chain of events when it put Airway Red 61 into operation without publishing minimum altitudes.

The company dispatcher relayed Stark's clearance request to ARTC without determining that it violated the airline's operating procedures; PCA had not authorized its pilots to use the Arcola route, and thus had published no minimum altitude standards of its own.

ARTC added a third mistake when it granted an illegal clearance. And its permission came from a controller who admitted later that when he realized there were no en route minimum altitudes for Airway Red 61, he hastily referred to an aeronautical map. Unfortunately, he misread the map and concluded no terrain existed in this area higher than 1,000 feet.

Stark added the final and fatal error. He accepted a faulty clearance, probably through rare impatience, and flew his ship into a mountain. All the lessons taught him in 18,000 hours of flying time were wiped out in one sickening moment.

Not all of his fellow pilots are convinced that Stark was guilty. For there was one tiny bit of evidence that pointed not to Stark, but to his instruments.

In accordance with usual practice, Stark advised ARTC during his descent from Martinsburg over time he left each 1,000 feet of altitude. He checked in at 6,000, again at 5,000, and so on. But he never reported leaving 2,000 feet.

The obvious question: Did Stark believe he was higher than 1,425 feet when he crashed?

Altimeters unfortunately are not the most reliable instrument in a cockpit panel, and pilots for years have been plagued for more accurate, foolproof altitude measuring devices. The CAB did not find any evidence that the altimeter had malfunctioned, but it is hard to find any pilot who will accept the results of so-called "bench tests" which they claim do not reflect instrument behavior during actual flight.

The CAB conceded the possibility of altimeter error. But it also concluded that Stark still had exercised poor judgment in attempting to fly between Martinsburg and Arcola at an altitude of less than 3,000 feet, through intermittent clouds over mountainous terrain.

"Pilot error" was the Board's final verdict—the only black mark against Captain Horace Stark on his long and able career.

Pilots to this day see an occasional reminder of Flight 410's fate. The rudder is still on the side of Lookout Rock, plainly visible to those flying the route.

"HE ran out of altitude and information simultaneously."

That is the pilot's classic explanation of a crash.

But behind this lighthearted, laconic approach to disaster is a deep-seated conviction that pilot error, while the most frequent single cause of airliner crashes, is also a grossly misused term.

The Air Line Pilots Association, which aids in every crash probe, is naturally prone to take the side of the crew involved. ALPA readily concedes that pilots make mistakes. But the union also argues that some mistakes are merely the inevitable consequences of factors beyond a pilot's control.

In 1958, a Northeast Convair crashed on Nantuxet Island, killing nearly all aboard including former AEC Commissioner Gordon Dean. The CAB, acting on all the evidence, placed the blame on the pilot for poor judgment. The captain had attempted a landing in weather that suddenly cut visibility below the minimum safety margin.

One, including ALPA, quarreled with the verdict; the captain had exercised judgment. But he also was trying to land on a field which lacked decent runways. Given proper lighting, it is probable that his decision to land would have been a successfully calculated one instead of a fatal error. One might think that knowing the runway was poorly lit, the captain had even more reason to question his approach. Yet put yourself in the shoes of that pilot; at the last split second, fog closed in and destroyed his contact with the ground; he probably had about one-fifth of a second to make up his mind. He decided wrong; is it fair to suggest that modern runway lighting would have made such a decision necessary? (The pilots' union in 1960 claimed there had been at least twenty crashes in the past two years each involving landings, which could have been prevented with the installation of known and proven landing aids.)

Some years ago an airline lost eight planes of a certain type, all in nonfatal landing accidents. The pilot was blamed for each case literally for pulling a wrong lever. The pilots' union heatedly pointed out there must be something wrong with the cockpit design of an airliner that would permit excited experienced captains to pull identical levers confusing one control for another during the strain of a landing. ALPA also brought out a number of pilot complaints concerning this aircraft's handling characteristics while landing with a maximum load. Neither argument seemed to impress the CAB, but they did impress the airline. It changed the location of the controls the pilots had found confusing; it also limited the gross load to about 15,000 pounds less than it was officially allowed to carry. The airline never again had a landing accident with this type of plane.

ALPA has long collided with the CAB over its findings in air crashes. It is not that the ALPA and the CAB totally disagree on the majority of the latter's accident reports; mostly, it is a matter of degree, with the pilots criticizing the emphasis the Board places on pilot error, to the occasional exclusion of other factors.

A classic example was the crash of a Northeast Airlines DC-6 at Rikers Island, New York, January 20, 1957. The plane took off in a blinding snowstorm with 102 aboard, veered sharply to the left for some unknown reason minutes after leaving the ground, and crashed on the bleak island, killing 20.

The CAB blamed Captain Alva Marsh for not watching his instruments, which presumably should have shown him the plane was turning and losing altitude. Marsh testified he was not aware of the turn and thought the take-off was normal.

Testimony brought out that the plane N-34954 had been an arral "lemon" with a long history of electrical troubles. No less than fifty-six separate reports of basic flight instrument malfunctions had been turned in since the plane was put into service (as a cargo line) in 1955.

Northeast, which had just been granted a New York-Miami route, was desperate for four-engine equipment. It leased the DC-6 from the cargo carrier and installed passenger seats.

Marsh's guilt—or innocence—hinge on the mysterious turn. The Board described it as "co-ordinated"—not sharp enough to cause an accident unless the pilot failed to correct it. The pilots vigorously dissented from this description, and borrowed a DC-6 from another airline to prove their point.

Two crack pilots, members of an ALPA

air safety investigating committee, took off from the same La Guardia runway. Marsh had used. They tried to duplicate Marsh's turn, using the same speed, power settings, and altitude, so they would flatten out over Rikers Island. They found they could not follow the same flight path without such an abnormally steep bank that they nearly wrecked the borrowed plane.

The pilots had a theory that a suddenly released rudder trim tab (trim tabs are used to keep planes level in flight, regardless of weight shifts such as passengers moving up and down the cabin) could have caused the violent turn. Perhaps the tab had been jammed by ice, and as the plane climbed into a warmer air strata, the ice melted and released the tab. It would be comparable to two men holding a rope with one suddenly letting loose.

The ALPA test crew deliberately set the trim tab in a locked position and then released it as the plane gained altitude. The DC-6 veered sharply to the left, lost altitude and roared smack over Rikers. There was no crash, of course; the pilots were prepared for the turn and quickly regained altitude.

THE hair-raising test flight was brought up during the investigation. But the CAB countered with a test made in California, showing that a suddenly released trim tab caused only a gentle, easily corrected turn. The trim-tab theory officially was discounted as a factor in the crash, and only the question of how much attention Marsh was paying to his instruments remained as the key issue.

Marsh solidly insisted he had been watching his panel, and that the turn—whatever caused it—was not reflected on his instruments. The Board insisted he apparently had been watching the wrong ones or he would have seen something was amiss. Admitting the long history of electrical malfunctions in this particular plane, the Board nevertheless pointed out that laboratory tests on the recovered key in-

struments showed they were working perfectly at the time of the accident. The pilot's representatives argued, as they have in so many crash probes, that lab tests are not the same as actual flight performance.

The CAB's final verdict: pilot error. Marsh was given a desk job and has never flown a plane since. His fellow pilots are convinced he was a scapegoat in a crash that pointed elsewhere to the real culprit. The CAB report, for example, severely criticized CAA maintenance procedures on this specific DC-6. And there was no doubt that economics played an indirect role; Northeast had been granted the Miami route after one of the bitterest flights in CAB history. Once granted the hotly contested route, Northeast knew the unsuccessful competitors would be ready to jump in with a protest if it did not get service started within ninety days of the promised starting date.

Northeast literally went scrounging for four-engine equipment to meet the deadline—and, quite naturally, to get service started at the height of the lucrative winter season. There was nothing inherently unsafe or wrong in acquiring a converted cargo plane. But, unfortunately, included among the planes that Northeast leased, pending delivery of brand-new DC-6B equipment, was N-34954—an aircraft that did not have a spotless reputation.

Was Marsh really at fault? There really is no positive answer. The CAB and ALPA arguments and conclusions were so wide apart that an impartial observer would classify both as unproved theories.

But in a sense, Marsh was "convicted" on circumstantial evidence. In many crashes, rightly or wrongly, that is all the CAB has to go on. Whether the CAB really proved pilot error in the case of the Rikers Island crash is a matter open to debate. What is not open to debate is that the Marsh case was a good example of the type of "pilot error" verdict which pilots bitterly resent as unjust.

NAZI CRIMINALS, PEEPING TOMS!

TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS—As if some slow-acting poison were seeping through his brain this dedicated hard-driving Polish sub skipper sank deeper and deeper into the bottomless pit of insanity—until, with all of a madman's cunning, he devised the diabolical plot which would make his innocent crew the world-murderers who would wipe out all of mankind—NIGHT. MARISH, SPINE-TINGLING BOOK-LENGTH SOON TO BE THE BLOCKBUSTER MOVIE OF 1945

MEN WHO SPY ON UNSUSPECTING YOUNG GIRLS—A brilliant college professor watches his wife and her lovers from a closet—a blue nose banter does sneakers to reveal his exclusive neighborhood at midnight, searching for exciting "scenes." Driven by a twisted urge to peek, these Americans achieve a dark, bizarre pleasure from witnessing the most revealing moments in a woman's life—EXPOSIVE EXPOSE

YANK WHO SMASHED THE NAZI WAR CRIMINALS ESCAPES RING—More than 40 top 55 men slipped out of their jail cells in six months, their get-aways arranged by a large, tycoon-financed "gang Hitler-back" movement whose goal was to turn Germany once again into a kill hungry, conquering Reich. Then, in February 1964, a brawling U.S. undercover man, in the greatest intel legation coup of the decade, turned their dreams of power into a nightmare of bloody doom—HEADLINE ADVENTURE

OUR FIVE DAY PLAN TO CRUSH RED CHINA—Prodded by their ruthless boss, Mao Tse Tung, a lone American-hating, 600-million-strong army of Chinese "rebel men" are so itching to get into a fight that even Communist big brother Khrushchev is shaking in his boots. But Mao decides to test on the U.S. in an all-out nuclear shoot-up, he's as for big trouble. A top military expert reveals how America's fantastic Sunday Punch battle plan will lay out the Red Chinese dragon before it even comes out of its corner—EXCLUSIVE REPORT

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great adventures in
January MALE
On Sale December 1

MALE



In this accident the CAB had at least admitted the possibility of instrument failure. But the Board also declared the crash should not have happened even if there had been instrument failure. And the CAB did not or could not establish definitely whether there was such failure.

ALPA feels strongly that no pilot should have a crash bust around his neck unless all factors have been thoroughly and completely checked out. Pilot error, the union argues, is too often "..." way out of a crash probe it is the Board's duty not only to prove such a verdict, but to determine the reasons why pilot error occurred.

The logic behind this argument is simple: unless the "whys" of pilot error are discovered, as well as the "hows," there is nothing to keep other pilots from someday making the same mistake. Pilots and CAB alike are heartily in agreement that there is something to learn from every crash. The ALPA view is that pilot error too often is a verdict that leaves other questions unanswered—and thus fails to prevent a similar accident from occurring in the future.

There are some CAB investigators who argue with equal vehemence that ALPA's own accident investigating teams start out with the automatic premise that the pilot could not have possibly goofed, and conduct their part of the probe with the single purpose of proving that point, ignoring or resisting all evidence to the contrary.

Because both the CAB and ALPA are so close to their mutual problems, they probably do not realize how far mutual suspicion has carried them—to the point where their accusations against each other have a certain element of truth.

Anyone close to aviation is well aware of the ill-feeling that exists between these two groups who are sincerely and completely devoted to the cause of air safety. The antagonism has not helped that cause and yet it is such a natural dog-versus-cat antagonism that it is difficult to correct. It is more of a state-of-mind situation than a flesh-and-blood problem which could be solved through specific actions.

Now it is a matter of bitterness between individual pilots and CAB investigators. There are CAB men regarded as harsh, disrespectful and adoration by ALPA members. There are pilots to whom the CAB offered jobs as accident investigators after seeing them work on a crash.

No other profession in the world is technically competent and physical perfection monitored as closely as the airline pilot. He is well paid, generally speaking, but his salary check can be cut off with jolting speed.

He must take two thorough physicals a year, and what would be a report of reasonably good health for the average citizen could be the end of a career for the pilot. Vision, reflexes, blood pressure, reaction time are all factors which can end a flying career. Physical defects which to you and me would bring a "take it easy" from a doctor might mean "you're through" to a pilot.

His proficiency also is tested, judged and reviewed twice a year or oftener, depending on how many times his company thinks he needs a check pilot looking over his shoulder. He must take regular refresher training in flight simulators, mainly on emergency procedures and instruments fly-

ing. He also has the added burden of answering for his mistakes to a couple of tough federal agencies as well as his own employer. One is the CAB. The other is the Federal Aviation Agency which actually has more authority over pilots.

FAA conducts pilot qualification tests TAA has the authority to levy heavy fines for any violation of the Civil Air Regulations (CAR) under former Air Force General Alwood R. Quisenberry. There was many times tougher than the old Civil Aeronautics Administration and still is.

Pilots have been fined for being absent from the cockpit deck as little as seven minutes. FAA inspectors have clocked flight crews when they left cockpits to relieve themselves. FAA has filed violation reports and has even fined pilots in minor accidents and near accidents before the CAB finished its investigation of the incident and determined who was at fault—which might be likened to a judge pronouncing sentence before the jury has returned with the verdict. There is pilot resentment toward the FAA, stemming even the CAR-ALPA bitterness, although the stiffer FAA policy was probably inevitable. Even airmen concede that the old CAR, which was part of the Commerce Department and did not enjoy the independent status of CAB and FAA, had grown lax in rules enforcement. Before FAA came into being there are many pilots who are firmly and sincerely convinced that the policy of fining airmen for goofs does little if anything errors usually are disciplined by their own airline anyway, and if this was not sufficient punitive action one has merely to add the real and deep mental torture a pilot goes through when he realizes he has exposed trusting passengers to disaster.

THE author once received a letter from an airline captain who had been involved in a nonfatal crash and charged with pilot error. His reactions both to the accident and subsequent events offer stark evidence of the emotional stresses he encountered, even though no one had been killed or even injured seriously.

I guess it was about an hour after the crash that they took the crew into a hangar and then separated us. I suppose they didn't want us to compare notes, but there wasn't any chance of that. We had no occasion to talk among ourselves and I was in shock.

"I wound up as the chief pilot's office. Some detective and a fireman demanded that I give them a statement. The detective got nasty and our chief pilot told him I wasn't in any condition to talk. The detective said: 'I can see he's in perfect condition.'"

"Somebody took me to the pilots' lounge. I remember I punched my fist into a steel locker and started crying."

Later, the FAA suspended his Air Transport Rating—an ATR being a license to command an airliner for 90 days resulting in temporary demotion to copilot.

"The verdict was serious. It was on my family," his letter continued. "My boy who's in high school is both the husband and a lot of wisecracks and all that."

"We live in a small town and are pretty well known. My wife and I couple of phone calls from cranks who wouldn't identify themselves. Cracks like did he get his pilot's license from Sears-Roebuck?"

"Then came no end of sleepless nights reliving the accident over and over again, complete with sound effects. The sideways glances or mumblings of neighbors and so-called friends. Endless explanations until finally I stopped trying to explain."

"When I resumed flying I tried to leave it all behind but you can't. The problem and the memories go with you on the flight deck which is exactly where you don't want them. The cockpit is where you brain the unbelievable tough job of putting together your badly-shattered pride."

"You subject yourself to merciless personal scrutiny and criticism. Nothing you do seems good enough. Every landing, every instrument approach, every move you make is self-analyzed, re-evaluated and criticized. You make a novice's mistake by trying too hard."

"You know that you pass all your proficiency and line checks doesn't really help because your problem is down deep inside. You're tense and you just don't have that all-important sense of confidence that is as much a part of a good airline pilot as his uniform."

"Five flown airplanes for 25 years through all kinds of weather, all over the world under all kinds of conditions and never scratched one. Then, on a perfect day, seconds from a landing, disaster strikes—total destruction of a beautiful airplane and a terrible experience for passengers who entrusted their lives to me."

"You sit there, consider quitting. Then, if you're as lucky as I was, you take your problem not to the company chief pilot but to your wife. Her love and sympathy and understanding provide the turning point. Gradually, the shattered pride is restored and the pilot resumes functioning at a level of competency acceptable to himself—which, believe me, is a level a pilot sets that is far higher than any government regulation requires."

But what about the pilot who allegedly pulls a honey and fails to survive his supposed mistake? Here again, does the verdict of pilot error really result in improved safety? Did the investigators go beyond the mistake to find out why it was made? And were they positive a mistake was made? This, in truth, is the weakness of a pilot error finding.

On April 6, 1958, a Capital Viscount crashed while landing at Saginaw, Michigan, killing all 49 aboard. Pilot error, said the CAB. It found that the captain, William Joseph Hull (the same Hull who had pulled a DG 1 out of a spin with a miraculous job of airmanship) had allowed the plane to stall during an approach.

On January 28, 1963, a Continental Airlines Viscount was approaching the Kansas City airport when it suddenly dove into the ground. The crew, three members and all five passengers were victims of the same thing that had caused Hull's crash, but in Hull's case it was just conjecture or ignored at the time. On the Continental plane, there had been a build-up of ice on the leading edge of the horizontal stabilizers as much as three inches. When the pilot lowered his wing flaps for what he assumed was a routine approach, the plane's normal airflow was thrown completely out of balance.

There had been complaints that the tail de-icing system on the Viscount might be inadequate under abnormally severe icing conditions. The complaints stemmed from reports of a smaller version of the Viscount than the one involved in the Continental United, which crashed into the smaller planes when it acquired Capital. already had modified its Viscount tail de-icers and Continental quickly did likewise with its larger ones after the Kansas City accident.

Not until five years later did it become apparent that Hull was trapped by what investigators at the time considered an unlikely theory. It took the second fatal crash to show that ice on a Viscount's horizontal stabilizers could render the plane uncontrollable at a certain low speed with the flaps lowered to approach settings. One is tempted to ask more in sorrow than in anger whether the Continental crash would have happened if investigators had not been satisfied by tagging Joe Hull with pilot error.

OKLAHOMA YANK

(Continued from page 23)

ply. Seconds later the same happened to the other two machines and the whole was churned to an abrupt halt. Three figures popped out, bewildered and written on their swarthy, oil-smeared faces.

None of them got further than half way out of their turrets. Half a dozen robot platform shapes rose from the ground, and the steel tanks with incredible speed. Only one of the Egyptians managed to rip open his pistol holster. Before his fist could close on the butt his head was jerked backward in the crook of an elbow, exposing his throat. There was the flash of a wickedly curved dagger, a hoarse scream—then a fountain spurt of thick red blood and a last despairing gurgle. Three bodies flew over the sides and landed sprawling on the rocks below. Another three heads shot out of the turrets and the same deadly rhythm was repeated so fast that the second trio of bodies hit the ground before the first stopped twitching.

Twice more the lightning butchery was enacted—the tanks had four-men crews. Then complete silence fell, while the blood that glistened darkly on the turret armor began to steam in the sun. One of the robot men raised his arm, and the others climbed down and gathered around him. "It . . . as I promised you," he said curtly. "We can stop the devil machines." He wore the same turban and cloak as the desert tribesmen, but his guttural Arabic had an unmistakable American flavor and his eyes were blue-gray instead of black.

One of the tribesmen nodded. "You were right, effendi," he said. "But I did not know that those Egyptian sons of pigs could build such marvels."

The American didn't answer. Instead he wiped the dust from a steel plate with his sleeve and pointed at the strange lettering that became visible. "They can't," he rapped.

The tribesman shook his head. "What is written there?" he asked.

The American gave a short, humorless laugh. "Made in Soviet Russia," he said.

THREE hours later he stood, freshly bathed and shaved, in the cool, richly carpeted fortress cellar that served as an impromptu throne room. On a cushion before him crouched His Majesty, Mohammed el Badr, Imam (King) of the Yemen, who had listened wide-eyed to his account. The Imam took a deep draw on his Turkish cigarette and spoke in faultless English:

"I wouldn't have believed it possible, Mr. Linkworth—a dozen men armed with daggers demolishing three tanks! How on earth did you manage to make them stop in the first place?"

Greg Linkworth smiled a slow Western grin and produced a fistful of dark muck from his pocket. "With this, Your Majesty," he drawled.

"What is it?"

"Just ordinary wet mud," said Linkworth. "We had to keep it moist with the water from our goatskins until the tanks came past; the stuff kept driving up in the beat. But one fistful rammed up a tank's exhaust pipe will choke the motor."

For a moment the Imam drew silently on his cigarette. Then he said softly: "Words could not express my gratitude, Mr. Linkworth, nor my admiration for

your courage. You have shown me people that even machines can be killed. I will reward the men who helped you with a hundred silver ryals each. But for you—here the monarch smiled slyly—"I will think of something more—er—precious than money."

Linkworth had almost forgotten the Imam's words when he stretched out on his cushioned sleeping carpet that night. He occupied a small cavern of a room, carved into the bare, mountain-face centuries ago and now part of the immense rabbit warren of caves, chambers and passages that formed the headquarters of the King of Yemen. He blew out the oil lamp and had just turned his face to the wall when a faint sound outside his door made him jerk upright.

His right hand shot under the cushions and came back gripping a Beretta automatic. "Who's there?" he called out.

In answer came a soft shuffle of bare feet, then the door opened and a girl walked in. She carried a small lamp that gave a purple light, just enough of it to reveal her to the American's eyes. She couldn't have been a day over seventeen, and for an Arab girl she was tall. Her gleaming raven hair fell like a black cascade down to her plump but firm little buttocks. Her skin had the color of dark honey, and her oval face was a haunting blend of girlish innocence and womanly sensuousness. She wore navy metal breast cups that offered rather than covered her bosom, and her loose silken trousers were transparent everywhere except right below her navel.

Linkworth lowered his gun and gasped. There was no doubt about it—this was one of the girls from the royal harem. He had never seen any of them before, even to look at them meant death. But in this howling mountain wilderness there was no other place where a girl like that could possibly come from.

"Who . . ." he started to say, but the girl silenced him by placing a finger against her full lips. She put the lamp on the floor and raised her right hand which held a silver tambourine. Then while the instrument gave soft metallic shivers of sound, the lower part of her body began to quiver, to vibrate, undulate her belly and thighs entwining so that they rippled the light silk that covered them. Faster and faster rattled the tambourine, her hips keeping pace with the sound while everything above her waist remained perfectly still.

Linkworth had seen hundreds of belly dancers in his time, but never anything even remotely approaching what he now witnessed. The girl's stomach muscles seemed to gain a life of their own, throbbing their owner into spasms of erotic passion that rippled over her and shook her like waves of fever. The girl's eyes glazed over, closed to slits. Her mouth opened as her breath quickened became panting, then changed to a sobbing moan of sheer lust. The frenzied ripples of her belly reached a crescendo that suddenly traveled upward, shaking her hard jutting breasts so that the cold plates on her hips tinkled. At this climactic finale the girl suddenly stood still, panting slightly, and reached behind her. With one fluid movement she unhooked the breast cups, which dropped at her feet, then tore open the silk ribbon that held up her trousers. For a single moment she stood, proudly erect and completely naked, then she bent down, blew out the lamp and flung herself into the American's arms. A second later it seemed to Linkworth that he was not holding a woman but a soft-skinned, moaning panting tiger.

Later—much later—the American lay on

his back, happily exhausted, with the girl's head resting on his chest. "By the way," he murmured drowsily, "what's your name?"

Her voice sounded half asleep when he answered. "My name is Fahsia, master." These were the first words she had spoken since entering his room.

GREG Linkworth was a whipcord-hard, sun bleached, saddle-toughened 32-year-old, a drill instructor when fate and the Cold War landed him in bed with a royal harem inmate. Born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he grew up with the smell of oil in his nostrils and became an oilman as naturally as New Bedford boys a century ago became whalers. He served his apprenticeship as a rigger in Oklahoma and Texas fields, studied engineering courses at night while in the Marines then went overseas to the Middle East where the work was twice as tough but the pay three times as good. From 1960 to 1962 he worked for U.S. Persian and Dutch oil companies in Kuwait, Qatar and Saudi Arabia, where he learned how to speak Arabic and how to take the brain-shrinking heat that sent weaker men crazy.

Then, when he entered the services of the Imam of Yemen, he thought his fortune was made. Mohammed el Badr ruled from an alabaster-windowed gingerbread palace in his capital of Sana'a, a city of 75,000 people who had never seen an automobile, where vultures served as street cleaners and the city gates were locked at nightfall. The Imam was anxious to modernize his incredibly backward country and made a start by hiring Greg as his personal oil expert. Greg's salary was equivalent to what a company president would have earned back in the States.

Even for Greg, Yemen took getting used to. Justice was meted out in public—that is, murderers were beheaded, slanderers were buried up to their necks and stoned to death.

The first time Greg watched the punishment of a thief in the market place he came close to throwing up his breakfast. The man's right hand—his "treating hand"—was pulled out of the wrist, a pocket to loosen the articulations. Then the executioner took a razor-sharp knife and—with one mighty slash—cut through the sinews, severing the hand without hitting a bone. The thief was fully conscious when the stump of his arm was dipped into a bucket of hot tar to stem the spurting blood. Amazingly enough, he survived his punishment.

The young Imam Mohammed el Badr had only taken over the throne from his ailing father a few months earlier, but Greg couldn't help admiring the way he was trying to drag his nation out of the Dark Ages into the present by importing Westerners with technical know-how. The task was staggering, but he might have done it if he'd been given a chance. But the Cold War decreed otherwise.

The uprising that swept the Imam out of his Arabian Nights palace and into the desert came to suddenly and smoothly that it could only have been the work of a bunch of bigly-trained, tightly organized professional revolutionaries. Within 48 hours the ports, the only airfield, and the entire capital were in the hands of people calling themselves "liberators," but who waved automatic rifles made in Russia and set up machine guns manufactured by Skoda in Czechoslovakia. The Imam, his household and his staff—including Greg Linkworth—escaped by the skin of their teeth into the broiling mountain ranges inland, while the "liberators" took over the cities.

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Perhaps the rebels thought their job was completed, but they soon learned better. For the young Imam was a scrapper, and the savage tribesmen of the interior were fanatically loyal to him.

Greg watched them gathering—thousands of lean, mounted warriors carrying ancient rifles, cartridge belts slung over their shoulders like Mexican bandits, in their hip sashes the inevitable "djembe"—the curved, richly ornamented Yemeni dagger that is sharp enough to shave with but which is never unsheathed unless its owner intends to draw blood.

"You will see, my friend," the Imam predicted, "within two weeks we shall be riding back into Sana."

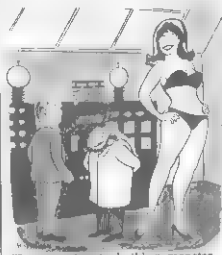
The American never doubted that the tribesmen would have made rapid movement of the "liberators" if the fight had remained just between them. But unknown to any but a few, some 900 Russian technicians and harbor specialists had entered the ports of Hodeida and Ahmed together with the rebels. They worked round the clock preparing wharfs and jetties large enough to receive troopships, and just as the Imam's counter attack was under way a long line of steamers crossed the Red Sea and docked at the Yemen ports.

The ships flew the flags of Colonel Nasser's Egypt, and the 40,000 soldiers that marched out of their holds were Egyptian, but every scrap of their equipment came from behind the Iron Curtain. The Soviets were stretching out a mighty long arm to grab yet another chunk of oil-rich territory.

Suddenly the desert sands were churned by the broad tracks of Soviet tanks, armored cars, and self-propelled howitzers, followed by swarthy Egyptian infantry in armored personnel carriers. The sky seemed to split from the screeching whine of MIG fighters and YAK fighter-bombers, mowing down the tribesmen with rockets and machine guns, turning their villages into charcoal with incendiaries.

The tribesmen were stunned, crushed, swept back by weapons they couldn't have imagined in their wildest dreams and against which they were as helpless as children. Greg saw their bullets bounce off the armored flanks of tanks and troop carriers, watched them not their rifles useless at the strafing MIGs, saw them being butchered in swarms and felt sick at the sight of the slaughter. Instead of recapturing his capital, the Imam was hurled ever deeper inland, followed by an ever smaller and more demoralized band of supporters.

It was at this point that Greg Link-



"I was going to build a monster... then I started thinking"

worth decided to go to war. Until now he had merely been a spectator, but there was just so much one-sided massacre a man could take. Suddenly the Oklahoman felt that he'd be damned if he'd let the Reds have it ALL their own sweet way.

The Imam had made his new headquarters in a no ancient mountain fortress, a honeycomb of caves and towers on a barren, boiling and desolate plateau 7,500 feet above sea level. It was four days' hard driving from Sana, but only a few hours from the new Russian-built airfield along the coast, and it didn't take the Egyptian air patrols long to zero in on the stronghold. When Greg looked up and saw the five leaping specks in the sky he knew that the battle was blowing for him.

He took one of the British Lee McLeod rifles from the stack and waved together the fifty picked sharpshooters who comprised the Imam's bodyguard.

"Now pay attention," he rapped. "You must do exactly as I tell you if you want to bring down those birds. They will dive down, one by one, and you must hold your fire until the lead plane is at the lowest point of its dive. Then you fire—ALL of you at the same machine—the SAME machine! Start shooting when I do—not before."

GREG had no earthly right to give orders to any warrior, but the ring of authority in his voice did the trick. The men took up positions among the cracks in the bare mountain rocks, rifles ready, but waiting. The MIG above had circled the plateau, gauging their target, secure in the knowledge that they had as much time as they had fuel. Then the lead machine peeled off and came shrieking down for some more safe butchery.

Greg heard the engine howl bounce cap-splittings off the rocks, saw the creeping spurts of dust that marked the lines of machine gun slugs felt his finger tightening on the trigger and forced himself to wait. Then—just as the noise of the aircraft jabbed upward just as the second metal plane belly-hove into split second view—the din of that was inaudible among the din of the motor, but in almost the same instant came a hammering volley from fifty different points in the rock. The MIG screeched on—gained height, then suddenly seemed to stumble over an invisible something in mid-air. A white streamer of smoke belched from her nose—she flattened out—pointed downward—and a second later vanished behind the next hill. There was a slight thump on the ground and a grayish-brown kryser puffed skyward.

Greg noticed that none of the tribesmen wasted time cheering over their first victory against an aircraft. Instead they were already concentrating their fire on the next MIG—exactly as he had told them. These men were riflemen by instinct, they needed no training, only a knowing finger to point out an enemy's vulnerable spot. The next MIG got through the barrage, but the third flew straight into a concentrated cone of musketry that sent it lurching sideways and spluttering away, badly holed. The other three circled once more, then flew off.

The American smiled grimly to himself. The tribesmen didn't know how lucky they were. In order to hit the enclosed plateau the jets had to make low sweeps at relatively slow speed, thus presenting unusually easy targets. And the Gypsies weren't really first-rate pilots. He saw would have hated to have been up against U.S. or even Ruskys' airmen. But just the same—this was exactly the kind of morale booster the Imam's followers needed badly.

Just how badly, Greg realized when the



Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

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Imam called him into his throne chamber and embraced him like a long lost son. Then—for the first time—listened in attentive silence while his former oil expert explained the fundamentals of guerrilla warfare against superior weapons.

"You mustn't bunch your men together—keep them dispersed, never more than about a hundred in one group. Make them flatten out, take cover, whenever there's aircraft about. And never charge anything on wheels or tracks. There are other ways of cracking armor except frontal attack."

"Do you know such ways, Mr. Linkworth?" asked the Imam.

Greg nodded. "I reckon so. At least I've read about it."

Then the Imam asked the sixty-dollar question: "Can you kill a tank?"

"Maybe I could at that," Greg said slowly. "Those Gypsy crews aren't that well trained, judging by the way they handle theirs."

A short time later, Greg Linkworth and a dozen of the toughest Yemenis set out on their tank-hunting expedition—armed mainly with wet mud and sharp daggers. Greg had no military or tribal title and none of the warriors could pronounce his name. They called him simply "effendi"—sir—but they would have walked barefoot over barbed wire if the "layer of war birds" had ordered it.

It was on that raid that the Americans got an idea of the immense guerrilla potential of the Yemenis. All they needed on a gruelling day's ride through rock desert were a few mouthfuls of water and half a cup of boiled rice flavored with pimento. They could be absolutely motionless in ambush for hours, exposed to sun that would have even a white man's heatstroke within a few minutes. Their courage was almost suicidal, though Greg knew that this was partly due to the young leaves of the *kat* bush they were constantly chewing. These leaves contained enough cocaine to keep them permanently "high"—just the right state when you go tank busting with nothing heavier than a knife.

Trouble was they wouldn't take prisoners. They not only slit every enemy throat they got hold of, but also performed hideous sexual mutilations on the bodies. Greg had kicked around the Middle East long enough to know the drawbacks of this savagery. He also knew that he couldn't do a damned thing about it—but the Imam could.

"It's playing right into Nasser's hands," he explained. "The Gypsies aren't half the fighters your men are, but if they know they're going to be killed anyway they'll baffle to the last breath."

The monarch nodded. "You are right, my friend, and I know the remedy. I will offer 25 silver riyals for each prisoner brought in—alive and in one piece—that is."

SAVAGERY. Greg found, was now restricted to the tribesmen. His shoulders and arms soon bore the tooth and claw marks of the five "present" the Imam had bestowed on him. Little Fahia had gentle eyes, but in the throes of love-making she turned into a biting teasing fury to whom pleasure and pain were so closely linked that they became one. The kind of "carnal" she both demanded would have classified Greg as a sadist in any American divorce court.

Fahia was the daughter of a minor southern Yemeni sheik who had sent her to the royal harem as a "token of esteem" to gain favor with the Imam. She had been carefully trained in dancing and in certain arts Western girls never even get to read about, but the revolution broke out before the Imam had a chance to unwrap his

gift. She was still a virgin when he passed her on to Greg—but there was absolutely nothing concerning sex she didn't know and hadn't seen performed. This weird combination of physical innocence and mental know-how made her the most exciting female Greg had ever touched, and he'd touched plenty. Her sleek, rounded, constantly demanding body was a nightly challenge to his masculinity. Loving her was like fighting a battle and when he finally had her lying whimpering and totally exhausted in his arms he felt a surge of dark male triumph in his blood that no other woman had given him before.

Strangely enough, this fierce tiger cat of a girl had no resentment about being passed as a human gift from one owner to the next. It had never occurred to her that she might have some say on the subject. Her new master—the odd, light-skinned effendi with the muscles of a station—knew how to satisfy the flames of desire in her belly that was all she cared about.

But in the weeks that followed Greg found less time for Fahia than he would have liked. Since the tank ambush he had suddenly become unofficial commander of the Imam's desert forces—every tribesman looked to him for ways of licking the devil machines that had hitherto seemed invincible. And Greg knew that daggers and mud wouldn't do for long.

Using bottles, cottonware and gasoline, he showed the women how to make Molotov cocktails and the men how to throw them. From tin cans and impromptu blends of high explosive he taught them to manufacture hand grenades. Using the machine guns from the captured tanks he even rigged up a crude anti-aircraft battery on the roof of their cave stronghold.

HIS main problem, however, was ammunition. The rebels held the entire wacoast and constantly received shipments from Russia, via Egypt. But all that trickled through to the Imam's forces was an occasional camel caravan across the Saudi Arabian border. Greg did some hard figuring that turned up only one solution—to loot his ammunition from the enemy.

His next step was to present his boss with the starkest request ever. He asked him to appoint a tractor—a phony reconnaissance vehicle—would betray the route of a supply caravan to the Egyptians. "Yes," he explained, "they'll be waiting for the caravan—and we'll be waiting for them."

"What if they see sent aircraft?" the Imam queried.

"Not if the caravan is a really big one and they think they have a chance of capturing it intact. That would be too good a propaganda stunt to miss."

The Imam nodded. "I will send them a good man." He smiled. "One skilled in playing roles. He used to smuggle hashish disguised as a holy pilgrim."

The day of desert morning before the sun is up, Greg Linkworth lay flat on the cold rocks his binoculars following the movements of the vehicles in the depression below him. He was overlooking the ridge of a huge basin and seemed to be alone. It took very sharp eyes to notice that the entire rim of the basin was alive with tribesmen—hundreds of them—lying motionless and blending in perfectly with the grayish-brown stones and sand.

Greg nudged the bearded scar-faced commander of the Imam's bodyguard beside him. "There they are, Halef," he whispered. "Right on time. A dozen light tanks, three scout cars, and a dozen armored troop carriers with I reckon about 200 men infantry. And there comes the



"My doctor made me promise I'd cut down to one drink a day..."

caravan.

He raised his glasses again, following the long string of camels and drivers descending—as if unconscious of any danger—into the basin where the armored ambush awaited them.

Greg threw an uneasy glance over the taut, battle-smellier faces of his tribesmen. If only that brave, undisciplined bunch of cut-throats remembered to obey orders—but how the hell could you ever be sure of that? He would have given anything for just one company of GIs, plain ordinary Joes who'd do what they were told instead of going haywire.

Now Greg raised his arm and the whole swarm edged forward, to the very rim of the mound. The scout cars below them must have challenged the caravan because the Gypsy infantry was warning out of their transports and advancing on foot, rifles ready. Further and further they moved away from their armored protectors, and Greg was praying silently to himself that none of his tribesmen would start shooting too soon.

Greg's arm went up a second time—swayed in mid-air while his eyes measured the distance between the transports and the Egyptians. Then his arm came down, and the same instant it seemed as if the whole desert exploded in a crack of thunder. Four hundred rifles crashed like one. The khaki lines of the Gypsies were suddenly swept away—obliterated—replaced by a swarm of crazy khaki men running happily in all directions, falling, squirming on the sand or lying still.

Without a sound the tribesmen along the rim rose up and flooded over the ridge like a ghostly silent tidal wave. There were no more shots, no shouting, only the sudden avalanche in the rear of the Egyptians that swept downward, reached level ground and raced on. By the time the first shots greeted them the tribesmen had reached the abandoned vehicles, flooded over them, and formed a living barrier between the infantry and their transport.

The Egyptians were caught with nothing but the rifles they carried their machine guns and trench mortars had been left in the carriers and were now in the hands of the tribesmen. Their only hope were the tanks—and Greg's only hope was that the tank crews would react the way he'd expected them. Otherwise the whole elaborate counter-ambush would end in a massacre. His massacre.

The tank crews had lost all interest in the caravan. Their hatches slammed shut, the turrets turned, and the stubby barrels of the two inch guns depressed to deal with

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the unexpected menace as their rear. Yet for a few precious moments they hesitated to fire, realizing that their shells would inevitably wreck their own transports. And at that precise moment Greg tore off the cloak around his shoulders and waved it high in the air as a signal to the caravan.

The effect was immediate. Twenty—thirty of the drivers snatched bulging sacks off the backs of their camels and raced toward the tanks that were pouring them so attention. A shower of bottles curved through the air—thirty men hurling their glass missiles as fast as their pitching arms would work. A good half landed harmlessly in the sand, the rest crashed against the turrets, tracks and steel flanks of the machines. Each tinkling crash was followed by a little spurt of flame, then a dull crackling roar as the gasoline from the Malotz cocktails caught fire. By the time the tank crews discovered what was happening it was too late. Two of the tanks never moved at all—they stood still, belching fire and smoke like funeral pyres. The men tried to escape from their metal coffins, but merely climbed through the hatches into a roaring furnace that immediately turned them into screaming torches.

The other two tanks managed to drive off, but didn't get far. Their speed fanned the flames, the searing blast roasting the crews inside. Both of them ground to a stop after less than a hundred yards. The tribesmen surrounded the machines, but the heat kept them at a distance. Greg strained his eyes to peer through the black smoke. The hatches didn't move—the men inside were either unconscious or already dead.

FOR a moment Greg stood spellbound, watching the flaming destruction. Then a roar of revving engines made him turn—and only just in time.

The three armored scout cars had reacted with amazing speed to the changed situation. Forming a triangle wedge they turned rapidly and were heading straight for the dense swarm of tribesmen clustered around the wrecked carriers. Even as Greg started, the single machine gun in their turrets began to spit orange flame and a hail of lead swept through the throng of Yemenis. They went down like toy soldiers under the blast of an invisible snout. The cars raced up executed a perfectly synchronized right turn—the turrets swinging left simultaneously to remain in firing position—and roared on, mowing down everything that moved on top of the transports. Then they skidded to a stop.

mentary flash, their throats biting and churning into the soft sand, and began to turn to repeat the sweep.

Suddenly Greg knew that he had perhaps less than a minute to save the battle. If the Gyppo infantry recovered their wits enough to advance behind the covers of those scout cars, his whole force was done for. By the way those guns inside were handling their machine guns he realized that no hostile thrower could get within twenty feet of their wheels.

Ducking down as low as he could, Greg began to run. He had to get to the transports before those damned scout cars came back for another rake. He ran head down, crouching under his breath, flinging his *Law Metford* into the sand to shed ballast.

He was panting hard by the time the nearest carrier loomed up before him. Greg vaulted up the side and scrambled in—straight into a tangled mass of dead Yemenis. He pushed the riddled corpses out of the way as fast as he could and struggled into the driver's seat. He looked up and saw the scout cars coming, still in perfect triangle formation, machine guns chattering from the turrets. Then his foot came down hard on the accelerator and the heavy half-tracks lurched up sand and rocks as the vehicle hurtled out of line.

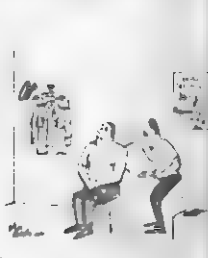
Greg took one final split-second glance at the leading scout car, now only a few yards away, felt the drooping hum of plugs around his ears and heard them whanging into the seats and dead bodies behind him, then ducked his head under the dashboard. All around him the carrier seemed to be disintegrating in a hail of lead, but he kept one hand on the wheel and his foot on the gas—hoping—praying—that the on-rushing scout car wouldn't have time to reverse. The next second there was a deafening metallic crash and Greg felt as if a giant boot had suddenly kicked him halfway across the desert. He hit the sand with a thud and lay stunned for an instant before he looked up.

The half-track transport had locked with the scout car, or a head-on collision that had started in the armor plating on both of them like a much misjudged. The smash must have sprung the crew because there was no movement in the car. But the other two vehicles veered aside and momentarily ceased firing.

At that moment Greg heard a hoarse howling scream from the line of transports and saw Hafez, chief of the Imam's bodyguard running toward the scout car on the left. The eyes in his bearded face were wide open, showing only the whites like those of a crazed horse and Greg saw that he was clutching a string of Egyptian hand grenades in his belt. Hafez screamed again—"Allah! Allah!"—then hurled himself between the wheels of the charging machine.

First came a purple flash, then a thundering explosion, then a shower of sand, rocks, metal parts and charred human flesh. There was no trace of Hafez—only a twisted steel wreck on the spot where he had vanished. The last remaining car stopped, turned about on its own axle and reared off with howling motor, streaking for the basin rim in a cloud of dust. Greg had no way of stopping it, and didn't particularly want to. He had his hands full.

The Egyptian infants had watched the destruction of their armored support without doing much more than yelling. Now the last snarl of their combat spirit collapsed. Throwing away their rifles they threw up their hands with such fervor they looked as if they were doing morning gymnastics. But Greg didn't pay much attention to them. He ran over to the rammed scout car and arrived just in time to stop the tribesmen from butchering the



crew. He saw the curved knives in the Yemenis' fists, grabbed the first one by the shoulder and whirled him around. "Touch these men," he whispered the American, "and I will skin you alive!"

The tribesmen fell back, and Greg had a chance to look over the three sprawling, unconscious bodies they had dragged out of the car. All three were fair-skinned young men with closely cropped skulls and square Slavic features. A grim smile spread over the American's face. "I should have known it," he murmured. "Rumkin."

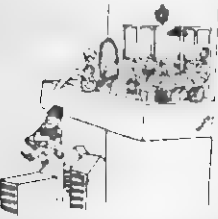
Greg's return to the Imam's mountain stronghold was rather like a Roman triumph. He was bringing back 165 prisoners, eleven Soviet-built personnel carriers and enough infantry weapons to equip the entire Yemeni army. But this was only a part of the military hardware he was figuring on getting. As he later explained to the Imam, "I reckon old Nasser will pay something to get his men back; he doesn't have that many trained in the handling of Soviet equipment. And he'll certainly pay to get those three Russians back safely."

EARLY in January, 1964, three Swiss envoys from the International Red Cross Committee set out by truck from Sana and reached the Imam's headquarters four days later. They brought with them a message offering to Greg's ransom demand two million rounds of small arms ammunition against the lives of 141 Egyptians and three Russians. The Swiss stayed on as the Imam's guests until the exchange was completed.

Today the "Yankee Lawrence" occupies a suite of caverns almost as luxurious as the Imam's own. His harem has grown to six picked beauties—chosen by the Imam himself—whom he has maintained as much for reasons of "fasc" as for erotic ones. To the mind of Yemeni tribesmen a warrior must be great in the bedroom as well as on the battlefield. But no outsider knows whether Greg makes use of all six or has remained faithful to Fatima—and none is likely to find out.

The desert war in Yemen rages on—the least publicized of all Cold War fronts—with the rebels holding the coastal cities and Greg's desert fighters keeping a relentless grip on the interior, tying down an estimated 42,000 Egyptians and 2,000 Russian technicians.

A British newspaper correspondent who recently visited the Imam's stronghold obtained most of the details of this article from the American. But when he asked how long Greg intended to carry on his war the reply was short and sweet: "Just as long as one goddam military Red regime on Yemeni soil."



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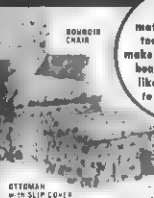
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STRIPPING CRAZE

(Continued from page 15)

mergence of primitive passion. Suddenly, a cymbal crashes, a spotlight floods the darkness, and she starts out onto the stage and begins to writh in perfect rhythm with the tom-tom beat, using every muscle in her beautiful body.

She stalks stealthily under the stage shaking her torso convulsively and keeping her eyes riveted on the audience. Her hands glide gracefully over her voluptuous body caressing her full pointed breasts, flat stomach, firm hips and smooth, lithe legs. As the tempo increases, she wildly tosses her waist-long hair over her face and wantonly rotates her thighs with a fierce intensity. After 15 minutes of extraordinary anatomical gyrations, her music dance comes to a climax in a burst of uninhibited frenzy and she slumps to the floor in exhaustion.

Around the corner from the Body Shop on nearby Santa Monica Boulevard is the Pink Pussycat, which boasts the hottest show in town," according to the club's marquee. Here the waitresses are as good-looking as the peepers. They wear scanty pussycat costumes with very low necklines and pink plumes for tails. Usually, the more boisterous customers can't resist giving their tails an occasional gentle yank, a practice which the waitresses don't seem to mind and which a few actually encourage.

The management of the Pink Pussycat devised a novel way of recruiting girls for their strip shows by establishing the Pink Pussycat College of Striptease where girls can learn the art of strip-teasing. There was an instant response.

"There are lots of girls who want to strip, but few know how," says President Harry Schiller, founder of the College of Striptease and owner of the Pink Pussycat. "Now they got a place where they can come and learn."

Tuition is \$100 for 10 private lessons. Vocational advice and placement is provided for all graduates. Admission requirements are: 1) high moral character 2) serious interest in the art of the striptease, 3) a voluptuous body, 4) being 21 years of age or over.

ASIC required courses are History and Theory of the Striptease; Psychology of Inhibitions; Fundamentals of Taking It Off; and Elementary Posing, Bumps and Grinds.

After completing these courses, girls study these advanced subjects: Controlling the Structural Components of the Anatomy; Applied Sensual Communication; Methodology of Teasing, Tantalizing, and Thrill Lating; Dynamic Mammary Navel and Pelvic Rotation and Oscillation; Experimental Workshop and Advanced Studies and Seminar in New Trends and Techniques of the Striptease.

The entire faculty is Sally Marr, 52, mother of comedian Lenny Bruce, and a former comedienne herself. Professor Marr lectures her pupils: "Keep your eyes on the audience at all times. Learn how to look at one man and take your clothes off for him. Not too much hump and not too much grind—that's passe and went out with Minsky."

The College of Striptease turns about 70 percent of the applicants. About 50 percent fail when they face an audience.

"They just don't establish a rapport," says Professor Marr.

Applicants include nurses, teachers, secretaries and telephone operators. Actresses who want to know a few basic striptease gestures for a movie role also attend the college. For example, to prepare for a screen role as a stripper in "Seven Thieves," actress Joan Collins enrolled to learn how it is done. But most undergraduates are less celebrated. After graduation they go out into the world with new professional names selected by the college's vocational guidance department. Alumni of the unique college include Fran Sinatra, Peeler Lawford, Toni Curtis and Dina Martin, all of whom are now putting their college studies and educated abdomens to use at the Pink Pussycat.

The Pink Pussycat College of Striptease, says President Schiller, is filling a vital need in a field barren of talent and ideas.

ONE of the first Los Angeles strippers owners to inaugurate a tender policy was Esther Wright, a friendly, energetic woman who operates the El Rancho Clag on Eighth Avenue.

"Right after World War II business at El Rancho started to fall off," she says. "We had been featuring musical acts and comedians, but they didn't seem to draw people any more. We finally hit upon the idea of using strippers and business has boomed ever since. We've learned to give the customers what they want—strippers, strippers and more strippers!"

Helping Miss Wright give the customers what they want is a rather petite blonde with plenty of bounce named Jody Lawrence, who strip art billed as "The Little Red-Hot Riding Hood" is calculated to being male blood to a boiling point. To the lilting strains of "Picnic," Jody slithers on wire clad in a red cape and matching hood and flits around holding her head high and beaming radiantly. As she pirouettes around the stage her skirt swirls high, giving the audience a fleeting glimpse of her shapely legs and soft, inviting thighs.

Suddenly an anxious look appears on her face, as though she had been trapped, like they want to see her lower and he has failed to keep the grandiose. Now the band swings into "Temptation" and Jody falls into the rhythm of the bolero beat. Her dance becomes more animated and she twirls and twists in apparent ecstasy, as though she is trying to convey her need to her absent lover. She pauses now and then to wriggle out of her clothing like a caterpillar struggling from its cocoon. Soon she succeeds in shedding all but red fringed panties and red pasties. The audience holds its breath.

A saxophone mingles the plaintive melody of "When No More" and the band moves more daringly, as though she has lost all her inhibitions—"the removal of her clothes. She undulates seductively coquettishly stroking her smooth firm body with tantalizing, deft motions as though luring her lover. When the band gives out with a tune called "Jody's Theme," she unleashes her pent-up emotions and humps and grinds in abandon. The finale of her act routine symbolizes that her lover has appeared and she is at last finding sexual fulfillment.

Backstage, after her act Jody told me that she believes men doubly appreciate a stripper who can dance well. "I've had quite a few men tell me that they enjoyed seeing a stripper who could dance well," she said. "And I'm always thrilled when someone tells me how much they liked my dancing rather than complimenting me on my figure or how fast I

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(MAG. Nov.-Dec. 65)

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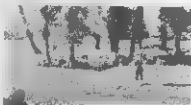
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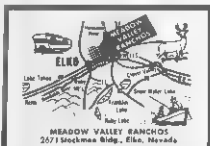
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can do him. After all, it doesn't take any talent for a girl to be smart and grand and show her teeth, but it certainly does to dance well."

Jody's agent is Bud Goodman, a man who has first-hand knowledge of the state of the striptease business. Goodman is owner of the Two O'Clock Club in Baltimore, a thriving strip joint, and acts as personal manager for several dozen peelers.

"The strippers I handle are getting so many offers of bookings that they can't possibly fill them all," says Goodman. "And according to what I hear from other agents, the situation is the same all over the country. I've been in the business for years and it's never been better than it is today."

Formore in Goodman's stable of star strippers is Blaise Starr, a bottom brunette bombshell. Since she made her debut some seven years ago, she has blazed her way to the top of the striptease society on the strength of her fabulous form and peeling prowess. Unlike so many strippers today, Blaise employs no gimmicks in her strip routine, but relies solely on her inimitable style of disrobing to hold the spectators spellbound.

"Blaise doesn't need a novel strip act," says Goodman. "She's the type of girl men would pay to see if she did nothing more than simply stand still in her G-string and panties."

Most practitioners of the peeling profession aren't quite as fortunate as Blaise Starr, however, and employ a novel strip routine to attract attention. Take Julie Gibson, for example. In her last-known act she portrays a bashful bride on her wedding night. She appears clad in satin lace and begins her act slowly, bashfully gazing at the audience as she coyly sheds her garments with the modesty and hesitancy of a virgin. Suddenly her prude persona overcomes her inhibitions and she tears off her remaining clothes. At the climax of her routine, she stands in a transparent meshnet, eagerly awaiting the fulfillment of her aroused desire with her theatrical husband.

Those who have seen her performance agree that Julie couldn't have chosen a more appropriate number in which to display her sweet and innocent brand of sex appeal to full advantage. And rumor has it that her bashful bride routine is so convincing that it induces a number of bachelors who see it to rush headlong into matrimony!

LILLY CHRISTINE, the "cat girl," was a pillow as a prop in one of her acts which she calls "The Pillow of Love." Lilly comes on stage with a large pillow wearing a scanty costume which accentuates her every curve, and sings a racy song about coming and lying with her on her pillow of love. After a frantic striptease, she takes three small pillows strategically placed on her costume and tosses them into the crowd. This sometimes causes prolonged fist-fights.

"Waitresses often come to my dressing room and tell me that they have been offered a big tip, sometimes as much as twenty dollars to see one of my novelties pillows," says Lilly. "I usually oblige. After all, who would I be without enthusiastic customers?"

Not only are strip shows booming in the U.S., but throughout the world as well. No one knows this better than Harold Minsky, the famed American burlesque impresario who recently returned from a trip to Europe in search of new stripping talent.

"Europe is one big striptease," Minsky said. "Hamburg looks like 32nd Street in the wild days and Paris is one strip joint

after another. There's hardly a big city in Europe today where the striptease isn't thriving."

Minsky's comparison of Hamburg with New York's 32nd Street in the old days, might well be considered an understatement. Without question Hamburg is one of the most rowdy, ribald and striptease-conscious cities extant today. The Reeperbahn, the main street of far-out Hamburg's St. Pauli district, is lined with strip joints.

Among the clubs featuring the striptease are the Atlantis, The Regina and the Indra. The Atlantis smolders a parade of strippers who take everything off down to G-string and then sit around chatting the girls doff everything—G-string included with the customers. At the Regina

THE most unique strip emporium on the Reeperbahn is probably the Indra which advertises, none too subtly, a *Pariser Erotikspektakel* or "Parisian Disrobing Show," the like of which you'll never find in Paris. Undoubtedly, it's one of the most lascivious strip shows to be found anywhere. For eight hours each evening at the Indra, stripper after stripper discards while the mistress of ceremonies, a tough, hard-boiled old crome, makes lewd remarks about the most prominent features of their naked anatomies. The strippers perform their strip routines with casual abandon, their every bump, grind and roll calculated to achieve the maximum suggestive effect. They always attain their goal.

Surprisingly, most of the girls are very good-looking, that is if you like the clubby or Teutonic type with a peaches-and-cream complexion. Although young, none of the girls are a bit bashful about flaunting their beauty in all its naked splendor.

The highlight of the evening at the Indra comes just before closing time at 4 a.m. when the sensational feature called the Striptease Lottery begins. The mistress of ceremonies passes out slips of numbered paper to every man in the audience. Then the lights are dimmed. A stripper appears on the dance floor clad in only a few layers of frilly underwear and strikes a seductive pose. After surveying the crowd and rolling her hips, she draws a slip of paper from a top hat. She hands it to the mistress of ceremonies who calls out the first winning number. The winner hurries to the dance floor to claim his prize, which is the opportunity to disrobe the girl.

Seldom is this pleasurable task accomplished quickly or easily despite the winners' obvious impatience. It turns out that the girl has a whole row of buttons down the back of her petticoat. While the man is fumbling with them the girl wiggles about and tells him he doesn't know the first thing about undressing a girl.

"That's no way to undress a lady," she says coquettishly. "You must be more romantic. Hold me in your arms while you are undoing my buttons."

When the fellow proceeds to do so, the girl blows in his ear suggestive tickles him while wailing with winning impatience who is disrobed. Winners follow in a steady stream each removing another piece of the girl's underwear until only the panties and bra remain. Finally, the panties and bra come off and the band strikes up its climactic finale. Then the winner of the grand prize is called to take the G-string from the peeled peeler.

Although German strippers lack the rhythmic disrobing flourish of their American counterparts (they compensate for it by taking everything off in actual practice,

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many of the German strip shows resemble the old-time stag smoker more than they do the type of striptease performance found in American night clubs.

The quality of the average stripper's performance in Germany is strictly second rate as compared to American striptease artists. They lack the sexy strut, the swirly card, piece-by-piece disrobing to music and the smooth, flash finish all of which are integral parts of American striptease technique. Harold Minsky was completely disillusioned by the strippers he saw in Germany.

"The girls just weren't as pretty as I'd expected," he said. "I don't know whether it was that they were through in the war, or what, but they weren't what they ought to be. I thought the strippers were awful. There was no tap to their numbers. They just stripped. And in doing so they lumbered around like cows."

Minsky felt quite differently, however, about the strippers he observed in Paris clubs.

"A Parisian girl can be sexy just holding a glass," he says.

Parisian strippers work as many as four clubs a night. They travel between clubs like the Club Sexy and the Club Blushing in Paris carrying their little bags like doctors. Currently, about 20 Paris clubs feature the American "strip" with some Parisian variations. Usually they cut out the bump movements and add a tiny touch of plot, believe it or not.

In the Club Sexy, for example, Rita Renoir, the featured attraction, appears wearing crinolines and reading a book. At the finish of her 10-minute act she is well wrapped up in her book, but has "lost" her crinolines.

THE most famous striptease club in Paris is the Crazy Horse Saloon, owned and operated by a former antique dealer named Alain Bernardin. Bernardin was fired from saloons in 1939 as the result of a casual remark made to him by a former King of France one day he was seen. Said Bernardin: "What Paris needs is

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a good saloon."

Crosby went on to say that his idea of a good saloon was a spot in Dallas, Texas, called the Crazy Horse Saloon, a place that featured a strip show. Bernardson studied several private U.S. films showing a striptease, learned its finer points, and opened his own version of the Crazy Horse Saloon off the famed Champs Elysees. The club was the first in Paris to feature the striptease.

Almost overnight, the club became a roaring success because of its revolutionary policy (for Paris at the time) of featuring the striptease. Bernardin was soon known as the Minsky of France and became a self-styled and oft-quoted authority on this form of entertainment.

"I took the bumps and grinds out of the striptease," says Bernardin. "The trick is not to shock the audience, but to make them think they're some place where they're not supposed to be."

"My shows are fine, dramatic, exciting spectacles. Certainly I give the public eroticism. But no pornography. The men come here with their wives, and everybody has a good time. Striptease should be erotic, not pornographic. We try to be more sensual than sexy. It may sound pretentious, but I try to put together a number that is esthetically pleasing. You will, as a whole, not simply be taking off a woman who is taking her clothes off."

"The Americans are the most wide-eyed and believe everything they see. The Italians appreciate the beauty of the women and the artistic values of the production. The Germans laugh for them the nude woman is something funny, not sexy. The Frenchman is the worst of the lot. He thinks he's too superior to enjoy what he's seeing."

THE stripper at the Crazy Horse who is the most adept at exciting the male libido is a young and extremely handsome Frenchman who calls himself simply Dodo. Surprisingly, Dodo is not Parisian but German-born. Those who have seen her perform, however, couldn't care less about her nationality. Unlike so many German strippers, Dodo is not on the plump side, but possesses one of the most swift and exciting bodies in the peeling profession anywhere. Unfortunately for strip devotees, Dodo doesn't intend to remain a stripper forever.

"It's not that I don't like striptease," she says, "but what can you do after you've taken all your clothes off? To me striptease is just a game. As far as I'm concerned, it's a steppingstone to other things."

According to Dodo, she has just one thing on her mind when she's stripping at the Crazy Horse.

"The only thing I think about is how I can keep an audience's attention," she says. "In a cabaret, people's minds wander, and if you are a good stripteaser you must make them focus on you. That is what I meant when I say striptease is a game I like to get the audience in the palm of my hand."

Dodo seldom fails in this respect. So popular is the striptease in Paris, that even the famous for their nude shows have included strip acts in their lavish spectacles. One such club is the Casino De Paris, which has always claimed to have the nudest show in the French capital. And the striptease at the Casino is creating more attention than the traditional nude spectacles which have been the mainstay of the Casino for years.

Oddly enough the striptease craze is most pronounced in England, a country long renowned for its conservatism. Actually the striptease is not legally permitted in England in public places that is, but what goes on in private clubs is a



"Must you bring your work home, daughter?"

different story entirely!

In Britain a very unique situation exists regarding the striptease. The strip joints are run as private clubs—a very real way of getting around the British law which states that nightclub nudes can only stand like statues and never come to life.

Collectively, the private clubs—some 150 in all, employing nearly a thousand girls—have swiftly acquired at least half a million card-carrying members. The fees are reasonable. Life membership in a private club is one guinea or \$2.95.

Although these private clubs are by no means exclusive in the strict sense of the word, the membership nevertheless is composed largely of middle and upper class citizens. One club, a British newspaper reported recently, includes among its members "ten M.P.'s, eight millionaires, more than 60 knights, 35 peers, and enough businessmen and captains of industry to drain dry the Stock Exchange and the Savoy Grill."

The tonier places present lavish shows that are far more suggestive than anything legally staged in the United States and are more intimate and lively than any strip shows to be found elsewhere on the Continent. Unlike the public strip shows conducted in American night spots, the audiences sit in respectful silence as the girls disrobe all the way to the accompaniment of piano music. Seldom, if ever, do cries of "take it off!" rent the air.

Skilled secretaries drawing \$28 a week are flocking to become unskilled strippers at \$42 to start. After acquiring such special skills as tassel twirling and snake charming, they can expect a salary boost to as much as \$300 weekly.

More exotic appetites are fed with flagellation. For example, at Raymond's Revue Bar in Soho, a fierce buccaneer rears—whips a featured girl. But the majority of members prefer their stripteases to perform in a straightforward manner. Most of them get their kicks from such strippers as Bonnie Bell the Dine-Done Girl, whose entire wardrobe consists of three strategically placed bells, that don't have to be pressed to rince.

Raymond's Revue Bar is the most exclusive of the British strip clubs. The owner is a former second-hand baby buggy salesman named Paul Raymond. He arrived in London four years ago from Manchester with one shilling and fourpence in his pocket. Today he is a millionaire.

"I guess it's a good business," says Raymond. "I earn more than 10 times the salary of the Prime Minister."

At Raymond's Revue Bar you see only

the best-dressed people. Unlike most American strip joints, the Revue Bar is as elegant as the Ritz. A small, expensively-furnished amphitheater hugs the well-equipped stage where the strippers appear. Over the customer's heads hangs a hand-deliel that cost a small fortune. While the wealthy and distinguished customers sip their brandies and soda, on comes a chorus of well-equipped beauties. Usually, the chorus line is fairly well covered. Only the featured performers take everything off.

American peeler Tempest Storm recently found this out when she was booked there. She quit in a huff when the management requested that she peel down to her bare skin.

"Four girls on the same show preceded me by stripping completely and then ran around in bright light," says Tempest. "They asked me to do the same, but I wouldn't have any part of it. I quit and came home."

London police, themselves known as "peelers" a century ago (after Sir Robert Peel, who created the police force and is otherwise remembered in the name bobby), are in a quandary about the boom in private striptease clubs. They are keeping an eye peeled on the clubs and earnestly looking for violations of the law. But as the law stands now, managers need only register their clubs with a clerk who has no authority to refuse them the right to operate. Recently, however, Home Secretary R. A. Butler proposed a new licensing bill that may put the strippers out of business. Meanwhile, however, Soho's seamy skin mills go on grossing nearly \$6 million a year.

As one wit put it: "The bare market has never been so bullish."

One country where no one worries about the striptease being banned is in Japan where 50 strip clubs are going full blast in Tokyo alone. The strippers appeared in Japan shortly after the end of World War II, partly as an outgrowth of Japanese catering to American tastes. The striptease proved an immediate hit in Japan, not only with the sex-starved GI's on occupation duty, but also with the Japanese people who were trying to forget the privations they had suffered during the war.

JAPAN'S first strip queen was a delicate-featured, yellow-skinned lass named Motomi Hirose. Within two years after she introduced the bump and grind to Tokyo, 300 or so other fifty-looking Nipponese females were also practicing the art. At the present time, the current strip sensation in Japan is Rose Yuki, a 20-year-old mainstay of the Casino Theater in the Asakusa section of Tokyo.

Rose stops the show at the Casino five times a day, seven days a week, 32 weeks a year. Her version of the striptease hardly resembles the common American striptease where the accent is on a long tice before the final strip. Rose gets down to business in a hurry—busting from the wings of the theater just about as naked as the day she was born. The reason Rose gets down to bare essentials in such short order is because the Japanese workers who pack the theater want to see their feminine idol in the raw as soon as possible. They are the most impatient of audiences.

What's the reason behind the big boom in strip shows throughout the world? Dave Cohn, a New York theatrical booking agent, thinks he has the answer.

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BAR GIRLS

(Continued from page 33)

clustered still more closely. American cities—all of them—have streetwalkers, too, but seldom in large numbers in a particular area. Even in New York City it is rather infrequent that one finds more than two or three girls simultaneously soliciting on one block. The most notable exceptions are in or near Harlem—for example, the so-called "little Pigalle" area around Fifth Avenue and East 111th, 112th, and 116th Streets. This is not to suggest that there is any shortage of streetwalkers in other parts of New York City; merely that they are more heavily concentrated in and around Harlem.

One of the authors has talked over the past 15 years with hundreds of young bar prostitutes in most parts of the United States. Most of them are not full-time whores, but are girls supplementing incomes earned as barmaids, B-girls, waitresses, etc. Some "hustle" only when they are between jobs, or in case of financial emergency. Since the closing of most American brothels, this group may well constitute a majority of all white females presently engaged in prostitution in the South, Southwest, and Midwest.

SOME of the girls are quite attractive at the beginning of their careers, but they deteriorate before one's eyes. Girls in their late teens, pretty and shapely, may seem years older in a matter of months. They typically drink to excess. Their hours are irregular. They lose teeth and acquire disfiguring scars from beatings which they have usually provoked. Black eyes are scarcely worthy of comment. They seldom bathe and tend to lose interest in their personal appearance.

The bar prostitute is not usually frigid, although often she will be too intoxicated to respond at the time of the intercourse. Low self-esteem is particularly commonplace. Nervousness, extreme self-consciousness, and anxiety are masked with a superficial toughness. These girls are, quite simply, inadequate personalities who are as unsuccessful at prostitution as they would be at any other undertaking. Quickly becoming neurotics, they belong to the Compulsive Prostitute category.

Her method is to spend the evening in a bar (and sometimes the day, too), cultivating the acquaintance of a man who buys her drinks. Sometimes she must continue to drink for hours before the man asks her to leave with him—many of the girls, especially the younger ones, lacking the courage to make the advance. Then, when she asks for money, he may decline—having mistaken her for a "bickup," not a prostitute; and the drinking must begin all over again with some fresh prospect.

Beer and other alcoholic beverages, rather than the tea and colored water drunk by night-club B-girls, are usually consumed. And by the end of the evening when arrangements for the night are being made, the girl is often thoroughly intoxicated. Some become ill, "pass out," revive and start over again, several times in a period of seven or eight hours. The same routine is followed day after day, six or seven days a week, over the months and even years.

This type of girl, occurring in such large numbers, appears to be mainly peculiar to the United States. She cannot

be prevented from being promiscuous, or from engaging in prostitution, and jail to us, as usually, neither justice nor education is the objective. It would certainly seem the kinder course to have brothels as a haven for such girls. There, supervised by an intelligent, experienced, and honest madam, some of their more self-destructive behavior—such as drunkenness and bad diet—might be prevented. Well-run brothels are also bulwarks against prostitute drug addiction and exploitation, of the women by pimps.

Brothel prostitutes

The brothel has vanished from most American towns and cities—with the ranks of brothel prostitutes thinned accordingly.

Houses of prostitution traditionally have ranged from the most elegant, catering to the most affluent and best-educated members of our society, down to the most sordid, catering to the lowest levels of male humanity—with all gradations in between.

In some of the lavish "houses" of the not-too-distant past were found women of beauty, good education, and considerable charm—comparable to the call girls of today.

The brothel prostitutes were on the average better adjusted and, therefore, better at their profession than are most of the present-day streetwalkers and bar girls, many of whom undoubtedly would be in "houses" if the "houses" were allowed.

Drug addiction, alcoholism, neglect of diet, neglect of appearance, repeated venereal infection, etc., were prevented in many brothels. The prostitute was not permitted to pursue the self-damaging course that some girls follow when left to their own devices or when wholly dominated by their pimps.

Dance hall prostitutes

These remain in some cities, although they are less numerous than in the past. Dance halls employing "hostesses" who either dance or "sit it out" with males purchasing tickets entitled them to stipulated number of minutes of the hostess' time.

Some dance hall hostesses are available after hours for prostitution; some are not. At some establishments most of the hostesses are prostitutes; at some, only a few. Usually, any arrangements for an after-hours "date" are made with the girl, although in a few dance halls the arrangement may be made through the manager, who then gets a "kickback" of 20 to 50

per cent of the girl's earnings. Local police tend to watch the operations of dance halls rather closely.

At least one sex practice carried on inside some dance halls is fairly widely known: the hostess stimulates her dance partner—for which service above and beyond the call of duty, she, of course, receives a fee.

Cases

The following cases observed by us are illustrative of some of the varieties of prostitution and prostitutes described in this chapter.

F is a striking-looking white woman in her early to mid-twenties who came to New York City from the Midwest about two years ago with the intention of becoming an actress. She has long reddish-blond hair and green eyes, and is paid to be a talented singer and dancer. She is regarded as a fairly skilled and competent entertainer for which she is paid from \$20.00 to \$50.00; or \$50.00 to \$100.00 for an all-night engagement.

F completed two years of college and had intended to be a teacher at the elementary schools. She is very fond of children and has a way with them. Her parents changed after she was several years old and later parents and moved twice for her performances with amateur theatrical groups. Previous to coming to New York, she had been a little wild, but had engaged in prostitution only once.

A friend of her father's having given her \$50.00 to accompany him to a motel. She needed the \$50. for a dress I had to have for a party. She also had intercourse with a photographer who paid her \$75.00 to let him take some nude photographs of her. But she considered that the payment was for the photos, not for the sex.

Upon arriving in New York, F became increasingly promiscuous. The more hard luck I had the more sex I seemed to need. A few would often take me out, we would drink too much and we would wind up in bed. The drinking tended to "dissolve" her inhibitions; but there were also times when I just couldn't stand to "look about sleeping alone." Fortunately she had a diaphragm and so avoided pregnancy.

Despite her "need for sex," F admittedly is frigid (has never had an orgasm). However, she likes "the intimacy, the closeness" of intercourse even though she fails to achieve a climax. She accepts as customers only those males to whom the is



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attracted—"or those who make a very generous offer." Being an attractive herself, she is able to be discriminating in her selection of customers.

G is "only temporarily" a prostitute, while she "waits for a break." She continues to study to practice her singing and dancing, and to apply for stage roles. Being a prostitute is not, she says, unusual for one in her position. Lots of the girls do it. She mentions many nightclubs where the entertainers are, she says, prostitutes after-hours. She also has a rather lengthy list of famous actresses who, she claims, used prostitution as a means of getting started.

F shares a fair-sized, one-room apartment with another aging actress who is a lesbian. She denies that she has relations with the girl, but she "thinks about it a lot." The other girl has "made some money." Maybe I'll give it a try some one of these days.

F thinks that she "may be a little bit fee (feebly)." But she also becomes "very much aroused sometimes when I go with a good looking guy."

She is "a little bit afraid" to have lesbian intercourse with her roommate. She "definitely would not like to find out that I'm a lez."

F is a fairly heavy drinker and when drinking it gets self-poiseless and charming. When she is not drinking, however, she gives the impression of being nervous and lacking in self-confidence. She sometimes denies she admits that she experiences frequent depressions, and that she has taken an overdose of sleeping pills "more than once."

F probably is the victim of an amxiety neurosis; or at least of crippling feelings of inferiority. Intellectually, she knows that she is talented and unusually attractive; but she has a continuous need to be reassured that she is likable and desirable. Whether she continues as a prostitute most likely depends upon her success or failure as a performer. But it is doubtful that success as a performer will do much to resolve the neurotic conflict which she probably responsible for both her prostitution and her insatiable desire to be "a star."

15 A very pretty Negro girl who claims to be 17 and quite likely is a year or two younger. She became a prostitute three months ago after "falling for" Jake, a 25-year-old Negro pimp. Jake, glib and a flashy dresser, has two white women in their mid-twenties, in his "stable," along with G.

G is very timid and self-conscious. She explains to her customers that "I haven't done this long," or "this isn't what I usually do," or "I'm just doing this for a little while, 'til things get better." She admits to having been promiscuous for several years previous to her meeting Jake. She was pregnant once, but aborted. She says that "I kept jumpin' off the front porch of I had me a miscarriage."

She has gonorrhea and estimates that she has passed it along to some 40 men in the two weeks she has known Jake. She is sure of the date, since she infected him just two weeks ago. Neither of them has managed to get around to seeking treatment—which has caused Jake to stop having intercourse with his other two girls for fear of infecting them. This delays G who hints that she is avoiding treatment in order to have Jake for herself.

Both Jake and G understand that the treatment for gonorrhea is simple and painless. They do not know whether G might also have syphilis. Jake has been through all this many times before. Gonorrhea

runs 8 or 9 times, "bad blood" (syphilis) twice—and has usually procrastinated about seeking treatment for himself and his prostitutes. He finds it "embarrassing" to admit to a physician that he has VD. The fact that meanwhile customers are undoubtedly being infected concerns neither Jake nor G. They seldom operate for long in any one neighborhood, and Jake remarks that he "can take care of any complaints." Although he disclaims any "prejudice," there is little doubt that Jake dislikes white persons and is deriving some pleasure from thinking about the number of white males—by far the majority of her customers—G is infecting.

G operates mainly in bars, where she seldom is questioned about her age. She also streetwalks, and occasionally Jake finds customers for her. Twice he has brought her "married couples," something G finds objectionable since she is "so queer." Because she is so young and pretty she has little trouble securing several "johns" a day at \$10.00 or more each.

G, while reasonably well-spoiled and of seemingly average intelligence, was a dropout after one year of high school. She has worked at a soda fountain and in a laundry, but decided that she was not going to be able to rise to any higher position, "not restless and goaded off" and out. She is proud of the amount of money she now earns—and almost all of which she willingly (and daily) hands over to Jake. Her earnings are probably sufficiently large that if she would only save most of her money, she could retire in another 10 years.

Jake's two white girls are drug (mostly heroin) addicts. Since he sometimes with heroin Jake is able to keep them supplied at a "reasonable price." G has started to take drugs and it seems certain that she soon will be hooked. Jake apparently feels that it is good business to have his women on drugs. They become dependent on him and are unable to leave him. He has told G that they will eventually "get married and settle down," something she hopes is true, but is intelligent enough not to count on.

15 A white woman new in her late twenties, is the intelligent, well-educated, eccentric daughter of an army officer. At the age of 20, caught up in the emotional and intellectual climate captured in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* she decided that she would "see the country." Her parents, wrapped up in their own affairs, raised no objection when she told them that she was leaving home.

It's life for the next two years consisted of almost constant travel, back and forth across and up and down the United States. She carried a suitcase containing a few items of clothing, a blanket, a small stove operated by canned heat, fish hooks and line, parcels of food, and miscellaneous items picked up from time to time. She hitchhiked rides usually from truck drivers. At suitable spots, near the outskirts of towns and cities, she would ask to be dropped off. She would then camp out-of-doors for a day or two, fishing when possible, reading, and "enjoying nature." Then she would hitch a ride into the city, check into a hotel, and engage in prostitution until she had acquired enough funds to move on, head in one to three days. Occasionally the offering was service to truck drivers as exchange for sleeping in the truck on long hauls for money, or for both.

L had never been a prostitute before and had had sexual relations only with



"Just how much of a tip did you give them?"

two boy friends of her own age. She apparently made a quite "cold-blooded" rational decision to become a prostitute as a means of financing travel, thus avoiding otherwise have been financially out of reach.

On the West Coast, she met a graduate student in anthropology who was attracted to her. Their first sexual intercourse was as prostitute and customer, but they soon began to go out on dates, then lived together for a time, and finally were married. L now has several children and her husband is an instructor at a major university. She has never had any desire to resume prostitution or even to have intercourse with other males. Her previously-mentioned eccentricity includes a firm belief in visits to earth by men from outer space, the existence of "lost tribes"—survivors of ancient civilizations now living in "the bowels of the earth"—and similar phenomena commonly accepted by such persons. She is somewhat shy, but otherwise has no serious mental or emotional problems so far as is apparent.

L's husband, although he accepts her past, and may even have been initially attracted to her because she was a prostitute (of such a romantic variety), would not permit her to be a prostitute again. He seems thoroughly heterosexual and, according to both of them, has superior powers. They report their sexual adjustment to be excellent.

15 A white female Age 33. She is unusual on several counts. She is a white prostitute specializing in Negro customers in the South, or at least the South West. Although her customers are Negroes she has a white pimp—the only instance of a white pimp for a white prostitute specializing in Negroes that we have found. And although an interracial prostitute—which in most cases means a comparatively low income—the claims to have never made less than \$15,000.00 a year. Her living standard tends to bear out the claim.

M when she was 17, married a young cousin exclusively in an East Coast banking chain. The marriage lasted for 8 miserable years. On most occasions when intercourse was attempted the husband proved partly or completely impotent. M "gradually became frigid in response to his impotence" later diagnosed.

Following her divorce, M moved to a large city in Texas where she shared an apartment with a girl friend. The girl

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friend was a "liberal" and vehemently opposed to "racial intolerance." They attended meetings of various left-wing, pro-integration groups. As "proof of (their) tolerance," they smuggled Negroes into their apartment for sexual intercourse. M was meanwhile, having trouble living on her alimony. When one of these Negro lovers suggested that she could "make a bundle" as a prostitute, she quickly seized upon the opportunity.

She is one of several white females known to her in that city who specialize in Negro customers. An elaborate system is operated by a taxi dispatcher who also supplies Negro females to white males. M came from a low-level background. Her father was a sign-painter—a frequently unemployed alcoholic with a poor education. She was "always determined to rise above" her early environment—something she accomplished when her good looks enabled her to marry the young executive. Following her marriage, she severed relations with her family completely. She read good books, attended plays, art galleries, and lectures, and acquired a veneer of culture. The "high-class niggers" who are her customers, so many of whom are (or seem to be) rather wealthy, impress her with the tangible evidences of their affluence. By associating with them, she "rises above" her early, impoverished background. But despite her brief flirtation with liberal "tolerance," she is basically convinced that "Negroes are inferior. Therefore, although she fulfills a wish by associating with these well-to-do, college-educated men, she simultaneously degrades herself, and destroys her fulfillment, because they are "niggers." The fact that the relationship she has with the men is prostitution seems less important to her than the other elements mentioned. (In fact, she tries—often, she says, successfully—to associate with her clients on another level than that of just prostitute and customer. She tries to "make friends" with her customers and reports that in many cases, they respond by treating her "more like a girl friend than like a whore.")

M's pimp is a good-looking young man several years her junior. He is impotent, slightly effeminate, and probably homosexual and in other ways, too, resembles her ex-husband. He would like to be a practicing transvestite, but experiences painful anxiety and feelings of shame when he indulges his wish and "dresses."

When acting as a prostitute, M feels "nothing at all." But she is nonetheless "immensely attracted" to Negroes; "or, rather, fascinated by Negroes. She likes to stand naked alongside a naked Negro, especially if he is young, lean, and muscular, and observe their reflections in a mirror. She is sexually excited by observing the reflection. After her experiences with her Negro customers—even those to whom she is most attracted—she feels "dirty all over" and "can't wait to get home and 'almost scald' herself in the tub. Then she takes a shower—to wash away the dirt in the bath water."

In her relations with her pimp, M was frigid but she nevertheless greatly enjoyed the experiences. He is her "little lap dog," and in fact she treats him much as one usually treats a favorite household pet.

M has experimented with drugs but has not become addicted. She is an alcoholic, but her "spree" is separated by long intervals of total abstinence during which she "regroups (her) forces." She has a superficial charm and self-confidence and her manner is somewhat

theatrical. She recognizes that she has become increasingly disturbed. And sometimes has the feeling that she is "talking under false colors," i.e., "fooling people" by "pretending to be well" (not psychotic). She is fearful that she will be diagnosed as schizophrenic and placed in an institution, and wonders how long the "will be able to keep up the pretense of sanity."

W is a white female. Age 25. She has been a call girl for almost seven years and during two years was a student at a university. Last year her income was in excess of \$35,000.00, and she expects that this year's income will be larger still. Her clientele has included sportsmen, actors, professional baseball, football, and hockey players, advertising executives, high-ranking military men, and (if one may believe her) several politicians whose names are known to the public.

W is a striking, sleek, high-spirited-looking blonde who men like to be seen with. Her dress is always stylish and her manners are polished. She is able to draw out the actor, the athlete, and the books with best-sellers and avant-garde works) knowledgeably and even with some critical acumen. She has a roomy apartment in an expensive neighborhood where she is thought to receive sizable alimony checks from a wealthy ex-husband. She sometimes has coffee or cocktails and plays bridge with (non-prostitute) women who are her customers.

W's father is a professor of literature at a small teacher's college. Her mother died when she was 9, and her father, a homosexual, was not remarried. The father was not promiscuous, having only occasional, rather brief, affairs. But she learned of his homosexuality when she was only 13, coming home unexpectedly early from a movie to find her with another professor, then a regular visitor at the apartment. This was a "traumatic experience" for W, although after a long talk with her father she held him in respect. "I don't think I could ever love like he did and he is not a bad man. Their relationship was exactly the same after that. Both father and daughter entered into an unspoken agreement that the father himself would not be discussed by them again. But when M moved to that apartment and found one of her father's colleagues in other funds there with her, she felt nervous and sick."

WITNESSED the homosexual episode between her father and the other man, W believes, caused her to be "both attracted and repelled by the idea of sex." At the age of 14, she was already "very mature-looking" and in considerable demand for dates. She engaged a petting but did not allow coitus, mainly because she feared becoming pregnant.

At 17, W enrolled in a girls' college, a few hundred miles from her home. She remained at the college during vacations and obtained a job during the summer. She had not seen her father since leaving home for school, but exchanges letters with him on rare occasions and gifts of Christmas. She has heard that he is now an alcoholic and in some danger of losing his position.

W remained at the girls' school for only one year, during which she had several lesbian experiences with a girl. She did not respond, and while she felt some pleasure, did not achieve orgasm. W then entered a coeducational university where she planned to major in literature and possibly become a teacher. She had her first heterosexual coital experience

when she "attended a party, drank too much, and got seduced." She remembers "little else" about the incident. She then entered upon a rather promiscuous period, during which she had relations "in 6 months or so, with maybe 14 different boys, seldom more than one with each boy." These relations, however, were "satisfying sexually, but not intensely." She met another coed who was "going on dates for money." This girl told her that "you could make a hundred dollars a date easy, a beautiful girl like you." W, who "wanted to be entirely independent" of her father, accepted, and the prostitutional contacts, "in the beginning mostly with middle-aged businessmen and politician types," became more and more frequent. When she "got so much in demand that it was getting hard to keep the secret," she dropped out of the university. She has since moved to another city and developed a prosperous business as a call girl. Her operations are through a madam, who is herself a "working call girl." This madam, who usually has two or three other prostitutes in her "stable," gets one-third of any fee up to \$100.00, one-fourth of any fee above that amount. W and the madam, "while getting high on champagne," have had lesbian relations on a few occasions, usually resulting in an orgasm for W, since the madam is "an expert lover."

W occasionally experiences orgasm, and even multiple orgasms, with her customers, but usually does not. Her arousal and "chances of climax" are greatest with some of the young athletes, "when they have beautiful bodies."

W has "never been in love," but believes that "I am capable of a love relationship if I would permit it. Just now, I prefer to have plenty of money, and some of what I make I am saving. I also have a beautiful apartment, I eat in the best restaurants, go to the top nightclubs and shows and I don't want to give up my freedom at this time. I know that I am not frigid, because I do respond to an attractive man, and while I have had some homosexual experiences, they were not really meaningful. I am much more attracted to men than to women, and I have permitted these lesbian relationships mostly because the other person wanted them so much. I had offers of marriage from some of my customers, some of whom were attractive and had plenty of money. But I would not want to marry a man I met as a prostitute, because he would be likely to throw it up to me later. When



"Your wife is going to be fine. Edwards. All she needs is a little affection."

I marry it will be for love, and there will be a complete break with my past. I will start a new, normal kind of life, and I will make a good wife and mother to my children."

W, although "very careful," has had two abortions, one of them in pre-Castro Cuba. Her operations as a call girl have taken her to Havana, Mexico City, Acapulco, Toronto, and to half a dozen cities in the United States. She has several times been approached "to use narcotics and to transport them, but I have always refused and will continue to refuse. I have seen the effects of narcotics on some girls I know. Also I am a dirty business, it gives other people a hold on you, and I want no part of it."

Her minimum fee, for "a very quick trick," is \$50.00. For longer periods, she receives \$100.00 to \$200.00 dollars. She has received some fees of \$300.00 and \$1,000.00, usually for a weekend. Financial details are usually worked out in advance between the customer and W's madam, "who is very businesslike about money and makes a better bargain than I would do."

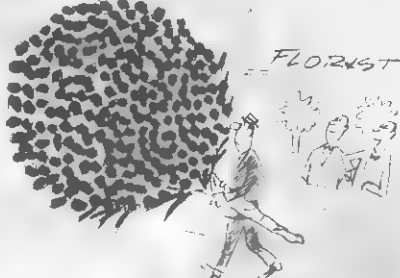
W SAYS that she can "now understand" her father's "weakness," and she is "sorry for him." But she "probably would not be a prostitute today if my father had been normal." His homosexuality caused her "great pain," and she is "only now beginning to make peace with myself and to gain real maturity. Somehow that incident of my father going down on the other man made it difficult for me to grow up, to get past the stage I was in when it happened. But now I can finally say to myself that it was not the end of the world, that I can continue to grow as a person. I think that as I continue to grow, I will outgrow whatever need I may have

to be a prostitute. I have not always been too proud of myself, but now I take pride in the fact that I am solving my problems by myself, without any help from anyone, and especially without anyone poking around in my mind. I am not opposed to people helping one another, but there are things that we should do for ourselves. I am determined to become a strong, adult, well-adjusted personality, capable of loving and being loved, and I think that I am able to do this by myself, and that it is better I should grow in that way.

"I do not think that it is morally

wrong for me to be a prostitute, but I think that being a prostitute is probably bad for me in some ways. There is always a chance of getting into serious trouble. And I think that eventually I will find some other, more useful and satisfying place for myself in the world. When that happens, I doubt that I will regret having been a call girl. For me, it has been a necessary part of my life and my development. But I prefer that it should be no more than one rung on the ladder."

Of W, who has largely avoided the pitfalls of her profession, we are happy to comment: prognosis—excellent. □



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ESCAPE

(Continued from page 31)

carry on. One of her last acts was to clear a channel through a mine field to keep the way open to the sea from Manila Bay. It was a forlorn task, for it seemed certain that no one on the Rock or aboard the ship itself were going anywhere.

Compared to the ordeal of manning the *Quail*, the soldiers on Corregidor had a soft touch. At least they had tunnels and bunkers to take shelter in. The *Quail* was the original "sitting duck." As it steamed around Manila Bay, it was within easy reach of the Jap's artillery based on Bataan. And Jap dive-bomber pilots played cat-and-mouse with it all day. By some miracle, though, the *Quail* was still afloat.

She had been stripped clean. Most of her navigational equipment, her heavy machine guns and anti-aircraft, as well as logs, records and accounts, had been removed to the Rock and stored in Queen's Tunnel. Two-thirds of her crew were put ashore too. The round-the-clock pounding which the ship was taking from shells, bombs and strafing attacks was shattering to morale, nerves and physical well being. Only the fittest sailors, mentally and physically, could stand that grind.

One of the toughest was machine gunner Nicholas George Cucinello of Bloomfield, New Jersey. Cucinello, at 31 years of age, was one of the stabilizing factors in the little group. Dark, intense, ruggedly handsome, Nick had a "psychologist's" talent for dealing with emotional crises. He knew how to take the deadly razor edge of tension building up from the incessant flutter of falling bombs and the whine of incoming shells.

"The way these monkeys shot, I feel safer here than I used to feel on Second Street back home on the Fourth of July. Some of them Bloomfield boys could have a cherry bomb into your side pocket at fifty feet."

The laugh would always lower the pressure and lift the morale for a little while. Nick always had a quip for every occasion.

The first week in May had seen a let-up in enemy fire upon Corregidor. But nobody was fooled. It was the moment of calm before all Hell broke loose. The sporadic fire from Luzon was "feeling out" for selective targets in the Rock's perimeter defenses. Mortar pits. Gun emplacements. Tunnel mouths.

At about 8:30 p.m. on the evening of May 5, Nick Cucinello and his buddies stood at the rail of the *Quail* in South Harbor and watched grimly the final act begin for Corregidor. The shells went arcing in from Bataan at first. Then, every piece of artillery that the Japs had been able to cram around Manila Bay piced up the overture. Three-hundred guns, maybe more. They were all zeroed in perfectly.

"Christ!" a sailor cried. "There isn't a square inch of the island that isn't getting hit."

It was true. The indomitable hump of the Rock appeared in the darkness like a huge burning haystack. A mountain of fire.

"They don't stand a chance topside," Nick muttered.

Although the benches were heavily defended, the defenders were soon pulverized. Those emplacements that were not knocked out by direct hits were buried in avalanche

of rock which came grinding down the steep slopes. Before it was over, the island was obscured by smoke and fine rock dust through which even the most powerful aerial searchlights could not penetrate.

The barrage ceased as abruptly as it had begun.

"They'll be going ashore now," Nick reasoned. "I'll be a cch for them with that smoke screen."

On the bridge of the *Quail*, Lieutenant Commander John H. Morrill was pacing up and down nervously. The ship had lost radio contact with HQ on the Rock soon after the barrage had commenced.

"All we can do is to sit tight until we get orders. Our hands are tied. This is the only seaworthy ship the Army and the Navy have between them. We can't afford to risk it in any grand plans. We may have to evacuate personnel! The wounded. Women. Maybe even the general himself."

He did not really believe that. Johnny Wainright had made it clear that he would go down with the Rock Fighting.

It was an agonizing night for the men of the *Quail*. Unknown to them, a Jap landing force had gone ashore on the north side of the island and was advancing on the summit. About 11:30 p.m., the echo of small arms fire and machine guns came across the water.

"Melinta Hill," Nick cursed. The Hill defenses guarded the tunnels where Army and Navy Headquarters were dug in.

The air was clearing over the Rock now and red and green rockets exploding high in the air illuminated its bullish silhouette.

For some reason, the seamen on the *Quail* sent up a faint cheer. In spite of that murderous barrage it had taken Corregidor still looked as invulnerable as Gibraltar. It gave them brief heart. But it was false. The Rock, and all of its inhabitants were doomed.

The firing from Corregidor got hotter as the night dragged on. Then, at 4:30 a.m. on May 6 the long radio silence was broken. Lieutenant Commander Morrill made an announcement in his skeleton crew shortly thereafter:

"We are to proceed to Fort Hughes and take our place with the defenders. This looks like the end, men."

FORT HUGHES was located on Caballo

Island, one of the myriad of land masses that dotted the huge bay. The ship was anchored off Caballo before daylight, and the crew went ashore in the launch. The conditions at Fort Hughes were worse than they had expected. Not as dark as the Rock. Caballo Island had virtually been torn apart by the enemy shells. But the walls three feet thick were collapsing. Tunnels had caved in or were getting ready to cave in. There was no refuge anywhere in the fort. The sick and dying were as vulnerable as the defenders.

Shells came lobbing into gun emplacements, into shelters. One even skidded into the mouth of one of the surviving tunnels and detonated in a chamber where surgeons were operating on a convoluted skull.

Nick Cucinello and his buddies helped man the single anti-air gun on the island that remained operable. With harassing, if hopeless, effect they lobbed shells into the Jap troops massing on Monkey Point on Corregidor.

At nine o'clock in the morning a terse message came from the rock: CPASE FIRE. About one hour later, they received orders to destroy the documents in the fort's safes.

At 11 a.m. came a third communique: SCUTTLE ALL SHIPS.

There was no longer any doubt now. The battle for the Philippines was over.

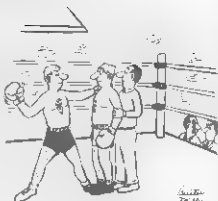
And the Japs had won. It was the last anyone would ever hear from the garrison in Corregidor until the war was over almost four years later.

Emotion whip-sawed among the defenders at Fort Hughes. Anger. Fear. Heartbreak. Defiance. Men sat weeping into their hands. Others stomped into the open and shook their fists impatiently at the unseen enemy who continued to throw shells into the helpless island. About this time Jap dive bombers joined in the fun, dropping explosives pointlessly on the fort. While surrender flags had been unfurled in Corregidor and on Carabou and Fraile Islands. But the savage, ruthless enemy continued to pound them with artillery and bombers.

"What's the matter with those crazy bastards!" A sailor demanded. "Do they want to annihilate all of us?"

Nick Cucinello answered him grimly. "Something tells me that in this war they are going to throw the rule book out of the window."

It was a prophetic statement. The fact was though, that the Japanese surrendering attacks were precipitated by motives other than blood lust. Surrender negotiations with General Wainright were under way. In all kinds of ways. The Jap commander in the Philippines demanded that Wainright surrender "all forces" in the Island chain. Wainright hedged, claiming that he only had authority to surrender his troops on Corregidor. Wainright was trying a classic poker bluff. He was known to know that there were still powerful American and Filipino forces on Mindoro, Mindanao and scattered all over lesser islands. But the Jap countered with a "raise" that eventually broke Wainright. He refused to accept the surrender of the troops on Corregidor and the adjacent forts in Manila Bay. Unless the



"Whoever fixed this fight doesn't believe in taking chances."

surrender was "total and unconditional" he vowed to kill every living soul in the Rock.

So, despite the white flags and the fact that the defenders had spiked their big guns, on orders from Corregidor and thrown their small arms into the sea, the Japs poured shells and bombs down upon them.

"Bloody murderers!" a Lincey refugee said bitterly.

THERE still remained the matter of scuttling the *Quail* and destroying her confidential papers before they could fall into the hands of the enemy. She rode at anchor a sitting duck off shore Fort Hughes, but, although the area was saturated with bombs and shells, she remained unscathed.

Commander Morrill held a council of war with his crew. "They want her in one

piece," he said grimly. "But they're not going to get her."

"It's impossible to get out to her, sir," a seaman informed him. "Their bombers have sunk all of our skiffs."

Very deliberately, the Japs had destroyed all small craft beached on the island, thereby cutting off access to the *Quail*.

But they hadn't counted on American resourcefulness. Commander Morrill's keen eyes searched the open water around the deserted *Quail*. There were still a few small launches anchored off shore so that the Japs had left untouched, inasmuch as they were out of reach of the island's defenders. He settled on the closest one, about 200 yards from the beach.

"Anybody feel like swimming?" The men laughed, but the skipper was serious, and to prove it he began to take off his uniform.

"It's suicide, sir," a machinist mate said shakily.

"I know," Morrill admitted. "That's why I'm not ordering anybody to do it."

Nick Cucinello already had his shoes and socks off. "I figure it's just as safe in the water as it is on this shooting gallery. Appropriately a shell came thundering in from Bataan at that moment and they all hit the dirt. It exploded not more than 50 feet away, showering them with sand and rock.

"What did I tell you," Nick said matter of factly.

He and the Commander were down to their shorts and T-shirts. The other men looked at each other uncertainly, then one of them wrinned sheepishly.

"Nick's right. It can't be any worse in the drink than it is on this beach."

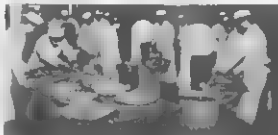
Events were to prove him wrong. But, at the time, Nick's humor saved the day. Four enlisted men, the skipper and the *Quail's* gunnery officer waded into the

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surf to commence the swim of their lives. Jap bomber pilots immediately spotted them and deduced what they were up to. Word was flashed back to Corregidor, and every machine gun on Melina Hill was brought to bear on the swimming men. Overhead a flight of Zero fighters peeled off and came screaming down to lend their 7.7's and 20 mm. cannon to the fray. The men pock-marked the sea around them like hailstones.

Cucinello did a surface dive as a stream of big 50-caliber slugs came skimming at him, hop-skipping the waves like stones planked on a ood by a pklid. They passed harmlessly over his body.

The six men were strung out in uneven formation, with sizable distance between them. That even one of them would safely negotiate the 200 yards to the launch seemed unlikely. That all six of them made it, as Nick phrased it wryly:

"We owe our lines to providence—and the Japs' lousy eyesight!"

They hung on the gunwales of the boat until the Zeroes had finished their passes, then hurriedly hauled themselves over the side.

"On the double!" Morrill gave out. "Get this baby moving before they come back."

With the 50-calibers from the guns on the Rock whistling around their ears, and chipping chunks out of the hull and superstructure, the boys worked feverishly on the engine and hauling in the anchor. She caught life in a burst of blue exhaust smoke and they were off. Not a minute too soon.

In the widening circle of ripples where she had been anchored, a Zero scored a bullet with its 20 mm. cannon. Under constant attack, they reached the side of the Quail. Her flaring hull offered some measure of protection from the flying lead, but they were far from home free.

MORRILL and Cucinello were the first men up the Jacobs ladder and over the rail. The deck, somehow, seemed even more wide open than the launch. At least before they had been moving. The Quail was dead in the water. Nick dove behind a hatch cover as a Jap fighter belined a burst from stern to stern, with his 7.7's tattooing a neat line of holes down the middle of the deck. A 20 mm. shell took off the radio antenna.

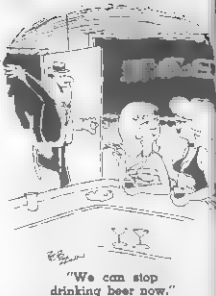
The rest of the scuttling party tumbled over the rail and they all ran for cover. Each man had an assigned mission. Morrill headed first for her bridge while the gunnery officer made ready to sabotage the few remaining guns on board.

Nick Cucinello led the enlisted men below deck to supervise the unloading of the sea cocks which would let the water rush into the ship's compartments, eventually flooding and sinking her.

By this time the Japs realized that they had lost the fight to save the Quail. Now, their only idea was to see to it that the brave Americans who had thwarted them would not get off her alive. As the men worked feverishly with the rusty valves, the little ship trembled and creaked as artillery and bombs joined the fusillade of machine-gun fire. One bomb hit so close, the fairly leaved out of the water and Cucinello and his crew were flung flat on deck, flashlights and wrenches sent flying.

"They got us dead to rights now," someone said fatalistically. "We'll never get out of this alive."

"No! If we grand around lawing we won't," Nick said. "The way I figure it is none of counted on making it back when we volunteered. So every minute we are alive, we're ahead of the game."



"We can stop drinking beer now."

He kicked a jammed valve and a spout of salt water rushed into the compartment. In all it took no more than 20 minutes to complete their mission, but it seemed more like 20 years. When they reported back topside, the ship was listing and settling in the water very rapidly. Nick, who was the last man to leave, aside from Morrill, only had to step off the rail and leap down into the waiting launch. The captain was up to his ankles when he said his last farewell to the indomitable little Quail.

There were tears in Cucinello's eyes as they watched her dip gracefully under the waves.

There was not any more time to waste on sentiment. The Zeroes and the gunners on the Rock were fast getting the range. Halfway back Morrill came to a decision.

"Let's abandon this tub. I have a feel in the one with her name on it has already been fired, on its way."

They took the hint and dove over the side into the water, striking out for an abandoned tug that had snagged on a sand bar near the Caballo shore. Cucinello, a powerful swimmer—was first to reach her. He hid in the shadow of her listing side, where the others soon joined them. When they looked back toward their launch, there was only empty sea.

Cucinello grinned. "Looks like the skipper was right. The one with her name on it came home to roost."

APPARENTLY the Zeroes and the gunners on the Rock had not seen them leave the boat and, so astounded they had been blown up with it. For the first time since they waded into the surf from Calhoun, the air and water around them were still, serene. Miraculously, the six of them had accomplished the hazardous mission without a single casualty.

"Not even a scratch," Nick exulted. "It proves one thing. If your number isn't up, you can walk straight through Hell and spit in the Devil's eye and nothing can touch you."

They decided that rather than go back to the island in daylight they would hide aboard the barge until after sundown and see what materialized.

The white surrender flag was up at Fort Hueson now with the flags on the Rock and the other forts. Still the bombardment went on unabated to the confusion and the anger of Nick and the others who had no knowledge of the snafu surrender negotiations. Time after time these false flags were flung aloft and down. To the men on the barge it seemed

the enemy was truly bent on annihilating the islands' helpless defenders.

Later in the afternoon, a 36-foot Navy launch with a diesel engine was being towed by a derrick. Nick and another man went to it and took it in tow. The essential appearance of the boat gave them an inspiration.

This tug is loaded with fuel and explosives," he told the man. "What do you want to go into Fort Hughes, pick up the crew of our crew and make a run for the islands?"

The gunnery officer looked pessimistic. The Japs own every piece of real estate on this here to Australia. And they control the air and the sea lanes. It would be a 600-mile sail."

"Old Mac did it," Cuciniello reminded quietly.

It was the right thing to say, even though they all knew the circumstances were different now than when General MacArthur had been spirited off the island by Buckley's PT boats. It would be a playing hide-and-seek over a tortoise 600-mile stretch of Philippine Archipelago. And once they were out of the water, that the Jap Navy had clamped down on the islands there was still a vast stretch of the South Pacific to cross.

"Ask them," Cuciniello said later, "that thousands miles didn't seem half as bad as the two-hundred yards we swam to get to get to the launch on the hot trip to and from the Quail."

All of the crew felt the same way. That night they took the new boat to Caballo and Morrill laid out a plan.

There were a number of dissenters the morning, news had filtered in. Corredor about the Japanese plan to kill everyone unless they surrendered total and unconditional sur-

render were complied with. An Army legal staffer spelled it out for the Navy men.

"Their contention is that anyone on any of the islands who continues to resist the takeover by Jap military and Naval personnel is acting in defiance of the surrender terms agreed to by U.S. Commanders. Technically, if you make a run for it and get picked up by their picket boats, they'll claim the right to execute you. And since there isn't anybody else to arbitrate their interpretation of the conventions, I have no doubt that they would shoot you, man by man on sight."

After that grim appraisal of their chances, Morrill asked for a show of hands. "Who's going and who's staying?" Cuciniello's hand went up followed by 15 others. The rest of the crew chose to stay behind and take their chances as prisoners of war. The few who lived to see the end of the war admitted how badly they rued that decision to remain.

Shortly after the crew of the Quail cruised away into the night in their sleek motor launch, a devastating bombardment was laid down on Caballo island. It was followed by a Jap landing party which wantonly bayoneted and shot many of the few pathetic survivors.

Heartily, Cuciniello and the others watched the tragedy from a cove on Manilla harbor where they were camouflaging their boat in thick shrubbery so that it would not be spotted by Jap patrol planes during the day.

That first night they made just five miles. It was that way for most of the next twelve days and nights. Run at night. Hide at daylight. These were narrow scrapes on the way.

Once they were anchored in a small cove when a Jap destroyer cruised in, in broad daylight and anchored. Just 200 yards separated the two boats, but for

some inconceivable reason the Jap lookouts did not see them.

Another time they sailed right between two Jap convoys heading northward, only a half-mile from each string of enemy ships. Again they were not spotted.

And passing a lighthouse on Leyte, they were caught in the beam of the light for an agonizing two miles. Evidently, the Jap spotters decided they were friendly and did not spread the alarm that would have brought a dozen picket ships to the scene.

"The Good Lord must have cast a cape of invisibility over us," one man suggested.

It almost seemed as if there might be some validity to his belief, for, on the morning of June 6, when they arrived at the mouth of Darwin Harbor, Australia, where everyone was—or should have been—alerted for imminent enemy attack, they met neither challenge nor greeting. Mystified, they navigated an intricate labyrinth of anti-submarine nets, and slipped into the dock at the port control station.

A wide-eyed official came running out to meet them as they tied up. "By Jove!" he demanded, "Where did you chaps drop from?"

Morrill grinned at Cuciniello who joked. "Oh, we were just taking a joy ride and we thought we'd stop in and say hello."

The official blinked. "Where are you from, Yanks?"

"Corredor," Morrill told him. "I don't believe it!" he said suspiciously. "The Rock fell weeks ago. You'd better wait here for the security police."

Sure," said Cuciniello.

"What were you doing at Corredor, May I ask," the irate fellow demanded.

Nick yawned. "We went to Hell and back and spit in the Devil's eye."

That spring liberty won Nick and his four buddies, the United States Navy coveted Silver Star.

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BRAVEST RACER

(Continued from page 19)

helped into a racing car and won the race.

He remembers a race in Oregon: "I got involved in an accident in front of me. I ran over a guy's car, cranked up and took off like a ball of fire. I wasn't burned, but I was skinned from head to toe. I didn't need a shave for a month. And I was so bandaged up all I had was a peep hole."

On August 15, 1953, Heath was driving a sprint car on a half-mile dirt track at the Illiana Speedway, which is on the Indiana side of the Illinois border. He had proven himself the fastest on the track that day in preliminary events and was far ahead in the main event when his car's right front wheel flew off.

He recalls: "I was long gone when it happened. I was going down the chute and I began flipping end for end. The last thing I remember is trying to keep off the fence, but I landed on top of the railing and kept flipping."

When he finally stopped, the racer came off the railing and settled onto the track in a smashed heap, both legs, his left arm and his left shoulder were all broken in several places. His left hand was crushed. Limbs were pulled and ripped. He was cut and broken and bleeding.

"They could have used a shovel to get me on a stretcher," he says. "You name it and I had it."

FOR weeks, he lay in bed in bandages, splints, casts and pulleys. The doctor warned him that he might lose some fingers on his left hand. He was ready to accept that. He figured he was lucky to be alive.

"The doctors said I would recover," he recalls. "They said I might even be able to drive again if I wanted, even if I did lose some fingers. I told them I wanted to drive again and would drive again, to save the fingers if they could, but to figure I would drive again even if they couldn't."

However, particles of dirt left in the hand when it was repaired caused gangrene to form.

"The doctor came in one day," Allen remembers. "And said he was sorry, but I'd never drive again. I asked him why and he said because they were going to have to amputate my left hand. I asked him if he had to, and he said he did. So I said, 'Well, cut the son-of-a-gun out of them, only I'll make a damn liar out of you. I'll drive again if it's the last thing I do.'"

The doctors amputated his left hand just above the wrist. In May, of 1954, wearing an artificial clump instead of a hand at the end of his left arm, he drove in a race at Culver City, Calif. In August of that year, he drove in and won a race at San Bernardino. And today, 10 years after his left hand was amputated, he is still driving race cars and he is still winning races.

"There have been a couple of one-legged race drivers. Allen Heath is probably the only one-armed race-driver in history, certainly the only one to succeed. He is the most remarkable athlete in all of sports the toughest and the bravest."

"Remarkable? Hell yes I guess I am," he says defiantly. "But, hell, I haven't

done anything anyone else couldn't do if they wanted to do it badly enough, and put their minds to it. Being a race driver is tough enough. Being a race driver with a hook instead of a hand is that much tougher. But, if it couldn't be done, I wouldn't have done it. And if I wanted to, others could do it, if they wanted to as badly as I did."

His hook is two rounded pieces of metal. A plastic pin is inserted through the biceps muscles of his left arm. Two small cables connect this to the hook. He operates it by flexing those biceps muscles. He can exert strong pressure with his hook and lift heavy weights with it. He does most of his steering with his right arm, but his hooked left arm is useful and helpful.

Once he did not have it screwed on properly. He made a sharp turn and it flew off. "I had to drive back to the corner and crawl) around in the dirt to find it. I put it back on and got back to driving," he grinned.

Another time, he flipped. He wasn't hurt but his hook was bent out of shape. "I had to find me a sledge hammer to whack it back straight so I could go on driving." Someone said it was the only guy who ever had to straighten out his left hand with a sledge hammer before he could finish a race car," he said, that arm breaking up his raunt, weather beaten face in a mass of pleasure.

He is very proud of his hook and the way he has overcome his handicap. He waves his hook at his fellow drivers and at the fans every chance he gets. Naturally, he is the favorite of the fans at every track he drives.

Aside from the problem of having to drive primarily with one arm, he is only 5-8 and 145 pounds, frail and skinny, small as race drivers go. And he is 46 years old, which is old as race drivers go. He is married, he has two grown children and these have made him a grandfather five times, but he never wanted to quit racing. does not now talk about it and perhaps does not even think about it. He still drives 80 to 100 races a year, primarily in Southern California, but also in Northern California, Arizona, and he'll run right over any younger or healthier drivers who get in his way.

HE was never a great driver, though he might have become one. He was just making his move up the ladder of racing success when he was crippled. He is not now a great driver, but he is a very good one, as good as he ever was, as good as before he lost his hand. He never got to race the giants of the sport at Indianapolis and the other championship major league tracks and now he never will, but he is as good as the best in the top minor and he frequently beats the best—Parnelli Jones, A. J. Foyt, Roger McCluskey, Jimmy Davies and others—on his home grounds, Gardena's Ascot Park in suburban Los Angeles.

He does not crash or turn over very often these days. After all, he is older and wiser and not as reckless. Not quite as reckless. But, almost. He will still do almost anything to win. He will drive high or low, pass inside or outside, squeeze through narrow openings, push his car to its limits do whatever the situation demands to get around and ahead of other cars.

When he was a kid, he was called "The Seattle Screwball," "Knochead," "Old Solintherhead" and "The Clown Prince of the Speedway." Now that he is no longer a kid, he is called, "Screwball," "Knochead," "Solintherhead," "The Clown Prince," and also "The One-Armed Ban-



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dirt" and "The Meanest Man in Racing." Nothing much has changed, you see, except that he is more of a clown, meaner, tougher, more ornery, more determined than ever.

Before dirt-track races, the dirt is wet down heavily. When the drivers first go out to practice, it is muddy and slippery. But they are careful at first and in a little while their driving over it has dried it out and it is smoother and packed more tightly than before. When the officials, owners and mechanics line the track to watch the drivers practicing, Heath delights in skidding wide in the turns to throw mud up on them.

One night a starter waved a flag at him so close to his eye he nearly blinded him. Heath swerved direction and drove right through the infield as the starter fled on foot. Allen's anger cooled off on the comical cross-country chase and when he wound up with the starter cornered, he pulled to a stop and sat in his car, laughing hysterically.

Once in San Diego the crowd got so large it had to be roped off in the infield. Heath lost control coming off a turn, slid into the infield, missed the people, but caught the rope in his face, breaking his jaw. He calmly got out of the car, walked over to the rope, took a knife, cut it in half, then walked to the ambulance and went to the hospital.

Ascot Park has an infield ramp used for motorcycle steeplechase races. One night Heath decided to celebrate a win in crowd-pleasing fashion by crossing the finish line and driving to the top of the ramp. Unfortunately, he misjudged his speed. He roared up, soared off, sailed through the air and landed, first his front wheels then his rear wheels, upright on the other side of the track. He broke all four wheels, cracked his back and went

to the hospital for four months.

Last year at Ascot a driver (tried several times to pass Heath on the outside but failed each time. Heath slowed, moved a bit off the rail and waved with his hook for the driver to pass him on the inside. When the driver moved in to the rail and closed in on Heath, Allen swung back in front of him, accelerated and roared away. As he crossed the finish line a winn— he hit his brakes and broadsided his car around to an abrupt stop, pointed in the opposite direction. He emerged with a happy smile, waving his hook at the delighted fans.

"SOMETIMES he seems to take pleasure in making everyone else look like a damned idiot," a rival driver says. "He is so proud of himself and doing what he does with that hook of his that he drives like a man brags. And he is a menace to us. But, the fact remains, that he knows what he is doing. He doesn't clown around if he's gonna' cost him a race. And he doesn't take chances if he doesn't have a chance to win. When he has a chance to win he usually wins. If he ain't been scared off by what's happened to him up to now ain't nothing gonna' scare him off. And he is a helluva' tough driver and a bastard to beat. He just plain wants to win more than most."

"It's all a big con game," Heath grins. "The more of me I get scared of me, the better off I am. I play pinchelle, I bid 41, maybe I got it maybe I don't. Our on the track I try something, maybe I can do it, maybe I can't. If the boys don't know, they're gonna' back off. The good ones know. But I'll scare all of 'em I can. It's a liar's contest, but I'm not vain to myself."

He taps his hook in his good palm

cocks his head to one side and insists, "I've never been scared, not for a second. It's not because I'm made of iron, because I'm not. People think I'm not for real. Hell, I bruise as much as the next guy. What hurts them, hurts me. It's just that hurtin' never bothered me much and sure never stopped me."

His is the most dangerous profession. There is not a year that a great many race-drivers good and bad, are not killed on good tracks and bad tracks. In the major leagues of this country's auto racing, is the United States Auto Club circuit, in the last five years—all-time greats like Tony Bettenhausen, Jimmy Bryan, Johnny Thomson and others have been killed. There have been 37 winners of the big race the Indianapolis 500 and 12 of them have been killed. In all, 21 men have been killed challenging Indy. This year Eddie Sachs and Dave MacDonald died in a fiery first-lap accident there.

Also this year, so far: Bill Horstmeier was killed in an Indianapolis midweek race. Roger McCluskey and Don Branson suffered broken arms in a Reading, Pa. sprint. Al Jimmy Maguire had his right arm amputated after a New Bremen, Ohio, sprint event. John J. White was paralyzed in a Terra Haute, Ind. sprint accident, and Jim Hurtubise was badly burned and has been months in treatment from a Milwaukee championship car crash.

There are other race circuits and other tragedies. On the NASCAR circuit, where stock-car drivers seek Southern glory, Fireball Roberts was badly burned and died from a Charlotte, N.C. crackup. Joe Wrathley was killed behind the wheel of a stock car at Riverside Calif. And lesser drivers on lesser tracks are in greater peril and more frequently cut down.

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Troy Ruttman, who has been driving for a dozen years since he became at 22, in 1962, the youngest driver in history ever to win the 500, retired this year because he had become afraid. He was sorry, he said, he would miss it, and it was hard to admit being afraid, but that's what it had come down to and there was no sense going on. Yet, others go on. And new ones come along every season.

"I've always been wheel-happy," Heath says. "I never made a livin' racing. I always had to work, too. I race because I love it. I always figure no one holds a shotgun to my back. I don't have to race. I want to race. A guy gets drunk, he has a hangover, he swears off, he'll never take another drink as long as he lives, but the next time he goes right out and gets drunk again. That's the way it is with a real racing driver."

They are a different breed of men. They love life and hate death, but life means more to them because they risk it. They are proud because they do a difficult thing that most men would be afraid to do. It is a difficult thing, handling heavy, high-powered racing cars at great speed in tight traffic under the pressure of great physical danger. There are riches to be won by the great ones, and the lucky ones, but any, like Alan Heath settle for less and are glad to have it.

HE was born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, on Jan. 5, 1916, and moved to Seattle as a boy. His mother died while he was young. His father had a garage frequented by the racing fraternity. An older brother wasn't interested and an older sister couldn't have cared less but Allen was fascinated by the cars and the thought of racing. He skipped school whenever he could, became an expert mechanic, and began to beg owners and drivers for a chance to try a race.

Swede Lindskog, who was later killed in a Los Angeles racing crash, let Allen warm up his midweek at a Seattle track one day. That was the day Allen lost it and ploughed into and wrecked three new cars in the infield. He remained determined, however, talked others into giving him other chances and, despite many other crackups, got very good very fast.

In 1941, his first full season, he won four races. In 1942, he won the Pacific Northwest midweek championship. He joined the Army, then, during World War II. He served with the Postcoopers until a bad ankle from an old racing accident caused his transfer, and he wound up in the Air Force ground crew during the African campaign. After the war, he returned to racing and won three straight Pacific Northwest midweek titles.

In the late 1940's, married now, and with a beginning family, he moved to Los Angeles and into a faster racing company. He began to drive the bigger sport cars and bigger-vee championship cars in trips to the midwest and east and began to make a strong impression in the national picture.

In 1950, he did the driving for Mickey Rooney in an auto-racing movie, "The Big Wheel," which still shows on TV. When Perry Grimm, who drove for Rooney's arch-rival, Michael O'Shea in that film, declined to crash a fence for a scene, Heath stepped into the other car and did what comes naturally: "I guess I don't know no better," he laughs.

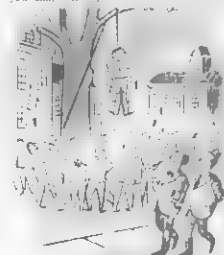
The next year, Al Dean offered Heath a car to drive in the 500. The Dean team lacked experience and equipment, however, and Heath couldn't get the car going fast enough to make the race. They came back a year later, which is when

Heath slid on oil and wrecked his car against a wall. He did not get another chance, for the following year, 1953, Heath had his tragic accident at the Illinois Speedway. It is unlikely Indianapolis officials would permit Heath to drive in the 500 now. He says they would, but says he's too old. In any event, what might have been now will never be.

After the Illinois accident, investigators discovered that the hubs on the tires had been accidentally reversed, causing the one wheel to come off. He naturally regrets this tragic error, but shrugs it off. "These things shouldn't happen, but they do happen," he says. "Mechanics and pit men are human just like drivers, and they make mistakes. Sometimes a car is in perfect condition and the driver makes a mistake which causes an accident. You just gotta get as good as you can, do the best you can, get the best helpers you can, and see that they do the best they can for you. Even then, the mistake someone else makes, someone else's accident is liable to be the one that catches you. It's just racing luck, that's all." He is a little bit bitter about the medical treatment he received after the accident. He felt then and still feels now that had his injured hand been properly cleaned, infection and gangrene would not have set in, and the hand might have been saved. Against doctors' orders and although weak and sick, he left the hospital and made a difficult trip to transfer into the V.A. Hospital in Sawtelle, Calif. "You ask the doctors there," he says, "and they'll tell you how upset they were at the treatment I had gotten. They made me think I maybe never shoulda' lost my hand. Who knows? Once it was done, what difference did it make? It was too late."

MORE cheerfully, he recalls that at the time of the accident, a Seattle newspaper mistakenly headlined the home-owner's death. Allen's father and wife, who flew in, brought him the newspaper and he lay in bed reading his own obituary. "It was the one funny thing the whole time," he says.

He forced a grim all those long days and nights at the V.A. Hospital while he was recovering from his injuries, then being fitted for his hook. There, he was among many World War II and Korean amputees and his natural cockiness made him rebel at the depression and self-pity shown by many of these unfortunates. "If you want to lay down and cry, you can," he says. "I didn't want to. I



"Good heavens. That's no effigy."

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didn't want to feel sorry for myself and
give up. I had a boxful of sympathy
cards, but you can't eat that sympathy.
I realized I had to accept what had hap-
pened, so I accepted it. I found out I
could even laugh about it. And I can
make other people laugh about it. When
they're first around they don't see any-
thing but the hook. But, I don't hide it.
And, after awhile, they accept it, they
don't see it, they forget about it."

If he had any doubts about his ability
to drive with his handicap, he hid them.
even from himself. "I'm a hard-head,"
he says. "I figured I could do it. And I
proved it. I wasn't wrong." Doctors fitted
him with a ball-and-socket arrangement.
He could listen this to a steering wheel,
but found that when it shook loose, he
could not re-attach it. He then accepted an
offer from the UCLA Medical Center to
experiment with the type of hook he
now has. It was not common at that time,
but is now.

His months in the hospital recovering
from his severe injuries had reduced him
to 90 pounds, but he gradually built him-
self back up to his now imposing 145
pounds. "I'm a little son-of-a-gun and
there's not a damn thing I can do about
that," he grins.

He began making trips to race tracks
by ambulance and wheel-chair. When a
driver failed to show up for a race, Heath
convinced a sympathizer to let him try his
luck, and got sympathetic friends to lift
him into the car. He drove and did fairly
well. A month later, he won a race. He
won a race. And a year later, he won a
grueling 500-mile midwest event at River-
side.

"If I had any doubts, I had none after
that," he recalls. "I was on my way back
and I knew it. And everyone else knew
it, too."

He has long since convinced skeptical
car-owners of his ability to handle their
valuable machines, and win in them, and
he has convinced his skeptical rivals that
he is not to be taken lightly and can be
given no advantage. "Sometimes I think
the only way to beat him is to steal that
damn hook of his," one rival grins. "And
I damn well would if I thought I could
get away with it."

ALLEN and his wife have lived for some
years now in a house in Northridge
in the San Fernando Valley, a few miles
outside of L.A. His children have moved
to homes and families of their own now.
So Mr. and Mrs. Heath live quietly. He
has an organ he bangs at with zest. And
he goes to work every day at the Oxnard
Auto Body Shop in Van Nuys or Vel's
Ford Agency in Terrance.

"There are things you just can't do
with a hook, you gotta' face it," he con-
cedes. "I can't do complicated auto repair
jobs, for example. But I can still work
I know engines. I know cars. I can go
out and round up business. I can do a
lot of things. I do a little bit of every-
thing."

And every chance he can, he goes to a
race track, gets into a race car and sup-
plements his income with prize money.
A rugged, happy-go-lucky character with
a frequently profane tongue, he is only
happy at race tracks, kidding the other
drivers and getting kidded in return,
challenging them, and beating them when-
ever he can. He drives mostly midwest
cars on weekend nights now, but he'll still
drive anything anytime.

"There is something about racing that
is in my blood and I can't see it out," he
says. "I think my wife and kids and I do
know it, which is why they let me go
ahead with this damn fool business of

driving again, and why no one would
try to stop me now. I'll out some day,
maybe tomorrow, whenever I can't cut it
anymore, but right now I still get a bang
out of getting the best of those other
buns. They're the greatest guys in the
world and this is the greatest game in
the world. You play it for big stakes, you
know," he grinned.

This Spring at Ascot, Heath lost con-
trol coming out of a turn, set sideways,
flipped over and was siren-screamed away
from the track in an ambulance while the
fans looked on in despair. His injuries
were not as bad as first expected, however.
He had only a severely dislocated shoulder
and assorted cuts and bruises. Shortly, he
was racing again. At one point this season
he won four out of five races.

THEN, in a race this Fall, he slipped
crazily end over end and was slammed
by another car, driven by Johnny Gavin,
into a crash wall. The two were rushed
by ambulance to the hospital with injuries
that were described as "serious." However,
both were found to be suffering more
from shocks and bruises than broken
bones, and both improved rapidly. Heath
was ready to flee his bed to return to the
track.

"It's not my having only one hand
that causes my accidents," he says. "It is
my being a race driver. Anyone who
drives in races has accidents, and three
hands wouldn't help."

Cal Niday used to drive with only one
leg. Before he quit, Niday frequently raced
against Heath. Before a race, he'd limp
over, grab Heath's hook, smile, and say,
"Allen, we'd make a great team. If we
get in a fight I can punch 'em, and if we
lose, you can out-run 'em."

Heath is still running, but into danger,
not away from it.

disperse the death smog and halt the slaughter. Most people condemn the ungu-
disaster could never happen again, but it
could and did.

The little industrial town of Detroit, Pa., sits on a bank overlooking the Allegheny River. In the summer of 1948 an air pollution scare drove the town to close that trap for five winter days. Meanwhile, the smog stacks at the town's zinc plants continued to pump 15,000 pounds of pollution matter into the air each 24 hours. When wind finally sprang up to lift the lid, 400 tons of ore were dredged and another 400 tons of sludge of the population—were dangerously ill.

Four years later London became the target of the deadly smog. Between December 4 and 9th, 1952, some 4,000 persons died and tens of thousands were hospitalized. The following November an even worse smog hit New York City. For 10 days, taking its toll on the city, London was again hit, with 240 deaths and 1,000 hospital cases. That same week New York escaped only by a miracle when a sudden wind broke up the inversion layer just as atmospheric pollution was reaching the killing level. It will happen again and the next time there might not be the miraculous wind to save the metropolis.

ONLY a few weeks ago thousands of women on New York's Lower East Side suddenly discovered with horror that their nylon stockings were literally dissolving on their legs. A mobile unit of the city's Air Pollution Laboratory finally traced the cause to a nearby construction company. The neighborhood's "saxophone" basement for a new bank hit its demolition blasts were releasing nitrogen dioxide which was pinned close to the ground by a layer of damp, heavy air. The gas was not only melting part of the chemical in the stockings but affecting the nose, throat and lungs of the women in the area.

The company responsible for the destruction promptly volunteered to do some blasting in the metropolitan area thereafter unless the Weather Bureau found conditions right for a "safe" dissipation of gases. This was purely a gesture of good will and not a law to compel such action. The firm then made itself one of a small, select company that places human welfare above profit.

As more factories spread across the landscape and more cars, trucks and busses jam the highways both the peril and the cost of smog have skyrocketed alarmingly. A few years ago the Mellon Institute found that Pittsburgh's notorious smokepoll was costing every inhabitant between \$15 and \$20 a year.

This figure included the waste of fuel, cost of additional laundry and dry cleaning, damage to materials and merchandise, extra artificial lighting, cleaning and repair of buildings and depreciation of property values. It did not include any medical expenses or estimate of the cost in health.

Last year the Public Health Department placed the same cost at \$65 a year for every person in the United States and the figure is rising rapidly. Secretary Ribicoff told a Senate Committee that more than 8,000 communities in the U.S. are seriously menaced by "sewers in the sky."

In every one of those communities people are sickening and dying from poisoned air. At any moment an air inversion could turn any of them into a death trap. Yet only 85 of those menaced communities are doing anything about air pollution, and those efforts are pitifully small. The entire 50 states have only 130 persons employed in air pollution control. Their

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total expenditure last year was only \$2 million, of which California spent well over half.

One reason for the apathy is the indifference of the public. The major reason, however, is the opposition of gaudy industries who are fighting fiercely to protect their profits even at the expense of human lives and health. In Southern California, where the smog problem is a Number One menace, it has been found that 80 percent of the air pollutants belch from the pipes of motor vehicles. Yet car manufacturers are fighting tooth and nail to block every effort toward abating the hazard.

Automotive engineers agree that car motors are deliberately built to wear about 15 percent of the gasoline we buy through incomplete combustion. It is relatively simple, they say, to increase motor efficiency to almost 100 percent. But when the subject is mentioned, car makers scream that the move would hurt their business by increasing the cost per car.

IN 1958, New York's Air Pollution Laboratory established the fact that about 50 percent of the poisonous fumes spewed out by cars come from the crankcase breather vent. The lab designed a simple gadget consisting of a valve and a rubber tube that fed these crankcase fumes back into the intake manifold to be burned up. Total cost to manufacture and install would be less than \$10, yet cut pollution by 50 percent.

A number of states were interested in making the device compulsory. But when laws were considered, the car manufacturers rushed a team of fast-talking lobbyists to fight against it. "It will put an unfair price burden on the car buyer," they cried.

Timothy Ribicoff, then Secretary of HEW, summoned representatives of all the motor companies to Washington and gave them a blunt warning: "Either do something about the fume-suppressor yourselves or face some tough Federal legislation." Shortly afterward the companies announced that, through their generosity, all cars from 1963 on would be equipped with the blow-by device to eliminate crankcase fumes.

California has just won a sensational round in a far stiffer battle with car makers. With 10 million registered motor vehicles and almost as many out-of-state tourists on its highways, the deadly exhaust fumes threaten to strangle the entire state. Some authorities even predict that unless the problem is solved soon, California may become a vast wasteland, unfit for human habitation.

In Los Angeles alone 3.5 million cars belch over 10,000 tons of poisons into the air every day. Thousands of acres of citrus groves in the area have been stunted and ruined by the smog. The damage to lungs, hearts and eyes is incalculable.

Nevertheless, the Automobile Manufacturers Association reacted in horror when the state demanded that they design some device to cut down exhaust fumes. The cost, they warned, would be prohibitive. They would much prefer to spend millions in designing flashy, impractical accessories and making needless annual head design changes. When California put its pressure by setting up its own study, the makers reluctantly agreed to develop some kind of fume-suppressor by their 1967 models.

They were still dawdling on a peanut research budget when, in June this year, California announced that after testing 600 devices, four had been officially ap-

proved. After June 1965 no new cars may be sold in the state without one of the after-burners. A law now under study will soon make them compulsory for all used cars as well.

The auto industry was literally caught with its pants down and the screams of anguish in Detroit were pitiful to hear. The afterburners are too expensive, they wail, and not dependable. Worst of all, they give outside manufacturers the first grab at the car makers' market.

California has stuck to its guns and the makers have no choice but to add the devices. But only in California. Citizens of the other 49 states can still enjoy the blessings of carbon monoxide, sulphuric acid and other deadly pollutants. Until they get off their butts and take legal action of their own, they can drop dead for all big-hearted Detroit cares.

New York City, with a daily traffic of two million cars and 6,500 diesel buses, may quickly take similar action on its own. Meanwhile, the city that has repeatedly escaped major disaster by a miracle, has been fighting its own bitter battle with reluctant industries.

The city's Department of Air Pollution Control under Commissioner Arthur J. Benline is one of the country's finest, but woefully under-staffed and under-financed. Only 35 inspectors have to police 320 square miles of densely-packed city and 570 miles of waterfront to spot and halt smoke violations.

The Department publicizes its phone number and urges citizens to report noxious fumes or smoking chimneys and vehicles but not many bother. One of his aides says cynically, "When a woman calls up to report a smoking chimney, nine times out of ten it's because the smoke finally blew in her bedroom."

Few people realize how close the city has come to falling victim to the greatest pollution-air disasters in history. Last October 24th, for example, the volume of deadly sulfur-dioxide suddenly jumped from a normal 16 to 20 parts per million — a lethal 1.4. The city faced the prospect of a mass slaughter to rival London's for a few hours, when a wind came out of the west to blow the poisonous air mass out.

One of New York's worst air-polluters is its own 16th Street municipal incinerator. Built in the Depression days, it is antiquated and dangerous. Some months ago the Council voted \$3 million to rebuild the unit and equip it with adequate fume controls. But before the work could be started, the money was diverted to the New York World's Fair. So the incinerator goes on smoking and stinking, the Fair brings in a few hundred thousand more junking car exhausts and the city continues to hang on the thin edge of disaster.

Commissioner Benline has long fought a running battle with the City Transit Authority over a dried smoke exhausts. Through choking clouds of blue fumes, the Authority insists its buses do not smoke. Well, not as much as the Commissioner claims, anyhow. And besides, the TA hasn't the funds to maintain the diesel engines at peak efficiency.

The Commissioner visited London and was astounded. "Their Mercedes buses don't give off a trace of smoke at all. They're built a lot better built than American buses or a lot more carefully maintained."

Another endless headache for the Department stems from New York's geographical location. A high percentage of the city's air pollution comes from hundreds of industrial plants on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River and

hence beyond the reach of New York smoke laws. When the prevailing west wind brings a heavy pall of black smoke rolling down on Manhattan, the Commissioner can only telephone a complaint to New Jersey officials and hope for the best.

He agrees with Senator Ribicoff that we need Federal antipollution laws which will operate without the barrier of state boundaries. Until then, cities like Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis, sitting on or near state boundaries, can go on poisoning their neighbor's atmosphere with complete impunity.

A few months ago the whole country was thrown into a flap by the Surgeon General's report linking lung cancer with cigarette smoking. Yet the presence of those same cancer-causing ingredients in polluted air which we inhale at the rate of 6,000 gallons every day hardly stirs a ripple of alarm. The Cigarette Industry is at least making an earnest effort to correct the evil. Too many other industries are openly fighting efforts to purify the air.

The commonest and deadliest ingredients of polluted air are sulphur dioxide and sulphuric acid. Their major source is coal, fuel oil and gasoline. All contain a high percentage of sulphur which, when released by combustion, form the deadly compounds in the atmosphere. The only fuel that is free from the contaminant is natural gas. There are processes which drastically lower the sulphur content of both coal and petroleum products, but they cost money and both industries are fighting their use.

IN May of this year New York City proposed a new code to reduce the deadly emissions. The sulphur content of coal and oil would be immediately limited to 3 percent and gradually reduced to 2.2 percent over a 5-year period. The news set off an uproar.

The oil industry, which has been accused of dumping high-sulphur foreign imports on New York, wailed that the extra cost of low-sulphur fuel oil would add \$50 million to New York's fuel bill. The National Coal Association called the added cost an undue burden as well as a needless one. "You control what comes out of smokestacks," they yelled in effect, "and stop blaming us."

Even the Teamsters Union local got into the act. The added costs, they claim, will drive people to natural gas and electric heating, throwing 4,000 local petroleum workers out of work.

The battle is still raging and people are still suffering and dying while the issue remains unsettled. Granted that it costs money to run into profits to cut down the deadly contamination of the air we must breathe. Senator Ribicoff is sponsoring a bill to have the Federal Government bear part of the cost for smaller companies.

One of the rare bright spots in the dark picture is the cheerful cooperation of Consolidated Edison of New York, second-largest power company in the country. Con-Ed has already spent \$109 million on smoke abatement measures and is still spending \$9 to \$2 million a year.

Unless other industries are persuaded or forced by law to take similar steps and take them quickly, we face a bleak alternative. Authorities say that polluted air is more prevalent and infinitely more dangerous to the general public today than radioactive fallout. If we don't take immediate and effective steps to clean out our sewers in the sky, they warn, humanity may not survive to meet the 21st Century.

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are necessary. And in addition, they will aid in the whole development of mankind."

Typical of the scientific flurry in Russia is the activity of the Pavlovian Institute of Higher Nervous Activity. There, 50 workers have gathered from every corner of the Soviet Union in a crash program of studying transmission of biological data through telepathy.

Professor Vasiliev claims to have successfully conducted long distance telepathic experiments between Leningrad and Sevastopol, 2,000 miles apart. The American Parapsychology Foundation reports that it currently attempts to keep up a long range telepathic contact with a Soviet-born Moscow resident, a Cambridge University Society for Psychic Research in England. Though willingness to do so, Soviet policy has retarded their research beyond the Iron Curtain. It does indicate the self-assessment that Soviet scientists have achieved in this field.

Russian ESP study actually is far from new. In 1920, one Soviet scientist was conducting experiments with animals and plants. He was informed a boat not far off a man. At the same time, the Pavlov Institute was ordered to study telepathy between dogs. "Brain waves" from a master whose lips remained silent.

The experiment worked like this: A dog was placed in a distant room out of range of spoken command. One scientist stood with the animal, and a team of three, headed by V. E. Durov, a noted Russian animal trainer, gathered in the other room. "I will respond and the dog by telepathy will bark as many times as I wish," Durov told his colleagues. "Give any number, up to seven. But please do not exceed this number because once a dog begins barking, he will by nature often refuse to stop."

One of the other scientists, A. V. Leonovich, the man who stayed with the dog, returned. The animal, he reported, had cried strangely. First he lay on the floor. Then he drew himself up on his forelegs, rocked his ears at attention, barked seven times, paused, then barked seven times more.

A training Durov explained he had accomplished the difficult task of dividing fourteen barks into two series. To prove it, he showed what he had written on the paper, seven plus seven. He repeated the experiment several times with a high degree of accuracy.

In other experiments, without a spoken word, Durov commanded the dog to retrieve objects lying around the house which others had written down on paper.

"These are not done in the fact," says Dr. Milan Ryl of the research staff of the Institute of Biology in Prague. "But the results of these experiments are surprising in the exact fulfillment of the telepathic order."

"In the U.S.S.R. today," Dr. Ryl reported, after a recent tour behind the Iron Curtain, "the development of a scientific general is regarded as a matter of national interest." Even parapsychology, once regarded as a private hobby, is fast becoming a top priority.

Norma Browning, during her tour of Russia, was struck by the flurry of activity the found. Although many experiments will involve animals, she believed, "more important are the results of Vasiliev's own person-to-person telepathic experiments with subjects under hypnosis." As reported in Soviet technical journals, Vasiliev claims to have mastered the technique of verbal suggestion to a subject under hypnosis out of range of his voice.

"He merely thinks or wills the subject into a hypnotic trance," says Miss Browning. Vasiliev calls this non-verbal suggestion and he reportedly can do it from a distance with the subject in another room or even in a distant city."

Vasiliev demonstrated this in one experiment involving patients of the Bekhterev Institute who were suffering from hysteria. To each subject's right hand was fastened a rubber balloon which was connected by a rubber hose and metal pipe to a device in another room which measured electromagnetic impulse of the nature of the experiment. They were told only, "Press the balloon repeatedly."

Vasiliev, out of range of sight and sound, at a certain moment unknown to his subject, commanded, "Go to sleep." Later he ordered the subject to awaken. In more than 200 such experiments, records showed that all but 10 per cent of the subjects ceased pumping the balloon and dozed off upon Vasiliev's first command.

And resumed pumping upon the second. The experiment was later repeated before a team of French and English scientists with similar results.

It was precisely this method of "hypnosis at a distance," some believers say, which may have turned patriotic Otto John into a traitor.

A similar experiment, the American Parapsychology Foundation has learned, was conducted recently by Professor P. V. Terentiev, colleague of Vasiliev at Leningrad.

His subject was first given pyrote, the hallucination producing derivative of mecalin, which has been to controversial in the United States. He was then led to a room and told to try to identify small objects concealed in opaque plastic boxes. The subject, who of course had not seen the objects, suddenly asked in amazement, "How did you manage to put such a big building in such a small box?" The object proved to be a Russian postage stamp with a picture of a Moscow telegraph engraved on it.

HOW can telepathy occur? Neither Vasiliev, his Russian co-workers or his counterparts around the globe yet have an answer. But many are trying feverishly to find one.

Neurologists know that the human brain transmits minute electrical charges, but most agree these "brain waves" are too weak for use as telepathic carriers. Communication can be traced to two possible sources. One would be, as Vasiliev recently described it, "some kind of energy, or factor so far unknown, yet belonging to the highest stage of development of matter." In other words, a physical property belonging to a dimension man does not yet understand.

In the not abstract world, however, there is a second theory. If it is true that Man has an immortal soul, those parapsychologists contend then why must there be a material physical bond between human minds? It is not possible that one human mind can communicate with another over thousands, perhaps millions of miles without a physical medium?

None of the Russians appear willing to admit, at least publicly that thoughts might be transmitted by purely super-natural means. That of course would be the same as saying that Man has a soul. And in Russia that is treason.

It is a basic difference in theory—Russian materialism versus the West's belief that science and religion can be reconciled—that so far has prevented any type of cooperative venture.

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even consider financing an ESP study. A little over two years ago—two years, it might be noted, after the Russians began tapping their public till for ESP studies—the Air Force finally cracked the barrier with an experimental project in Massachusetts.

A group of 41 people—four scientists and 37 young college coeds—moved into a modest two-story building on the grounds of the service's Hanscom Field, near Bedford. As the humans moved in, so did crate after crate of impressive-looking equipment: computers, consoles, recorders.

No publicity was accorded the project. "ESP is a highly controversial subject," explains Dr. William R. Smith who with electronics engineer Everett F. Dagle initiated the project in late 1961. "One can quickly become embroiled in a vigorous and fruitless argument with believers and non-believers alike, unless he is extremely careful in his approach."

"Perhaps ESP is more controversial than it warrants," Dr. Smith adds. "Certainly it offers no threat of any kind and a clear understanding of how and why it operates is essential because it would be a process of inestimable utility."

On the other hand, Dr. Smith points out: "If ESP claims could be disproven, many thousands of dollars and scientific man-hours could be saved."

At Bedford, volunteer coeds from nearby Endicott Junior College were briefed on the function of the electronic console system, called Veritac, which recorded, analyzed and reported on telepathic experiments to which they were subjected. Each girl took 15 tests consisting of 100 trials in various ESP and telepathic categories. In all, 53,500 answers were fed into the machines.

Involved were questions exploring the three major fields of parapsychology: clairvoyance (extrasensory perception of objects rather than the mind of another person); precognition (predicting the future), and general ESP.

TYPICAL of the tests was one in which the coeds, seated before the Veritac, were asked to select the number on a spinning dial they thought would stop next. It worked much like the little lemons on a revolving slot machine wheel.

No positive conclusions were reached in the experiment—according to a later report. But preliminary findings show the group "gave results that might be expected by chance from a normal group. A few showed above average, some average, a few below normal, and the bulk were gathered in the middle."

The American Parapsychology Foundation called the Bedford project "bold, forthright, courageous pioneering, as inured it was. Perhaps the fact that the federal government would risk a single tax dollar on such a highly controversial field should in itself be worthy of commendation. But the fact remains that the Air Force experiment—according to leading authorities on ESP—simply wasn't conducted on a broad enough scale to accomplish anything substantial. At least, in contrast to the Russian program.

Whether there are psychics yet other government experiments of this type is not known. Asked whether the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has or is studying the possibility of ESP as a spacecraft communications medium, NASA director James Webb recently replied flatly that it had not.

Then the domain of the ill-covered halls of the nation's college campuses. The first U.S. study was conducted at California's Stanford University in 1915. The

project was small and lacking funds, but it was a start. Harvard set up an experimental project a short time later. In 1943, the nation's best known institute was born at Duke University. Its director, Dr. J. B. Rhine, began to believe years ago that the human mind has capabilities far beyond those normally credited to it. He began developing psychic phenomena. Many scientists scoffed the methods, but they failed to slow the persistent Rhine.

"We have yet to prove that such a sixth sense exists," he replied to his critics, "but can any of you prove it doesn't?"

OVER the years at Duke experiments with a deck of 25 cards were repeated thousands of times. They are continuing today—years later, and Dr. Rhine, now 73, is as convinced of his theories as ever.

One of the reasons experts like Rhine have trouble convincing others of the value of their work is the inconsistency of the experiments themselves. Explains the Duke director: "This happens because the human mind itself is fallible, and subject to."

"One of these days though, we will crack the barrier," Rhine says. He also believes the United States should bend every effort to ESP in national defense.

Publicizing such a program especially if it involves spending tax funds, would certainly raise a howl. Many Americans still regard ESP as so much hogwash. Reports of ESP in the United States have stirred the parapsychology race, even on a small scale, already have stirred some criticism. A newspaper, for instance, not long ago asked Congressman Bob Wilson of California what he thought of spending tax money on ESP experiments. "Not a bad idea," Wilson replied wryly.

If it can be perfected, we can do away with the 'hot line' between Washington and Moscow. We won't need it if we can read each others' minds," Wilson was kidding. But the Russian race is real. During the Korean War a noted ESP expert, British mentalist Maurice Fogel, proposed to President Truman that ranking officers in American armed services be given a course in mental telepathy.

"It would help in dealing with the enemy," Fogel told the President. Though there is no record of Truman's reply, it might be imagined what his answer was.

All this may sound like the kind of fantasy that made Buck Rogers popular reading in the days of yore and the Twist. But Russia, even many wartime scientists are no longer joking fun at the "brain scientists."

There are a few who aren't so skeptical, however. Three noted scientists—psychiatrist Dr. C. G. Jung, Dr. Gardner Murphy, research director of the Menninger Clinic and former president of the American Parapsychology Foundation, and famed psychologist William James—agree with Dr. Rhine that ESP is more than a mere parlor game. Says Julian Huxley, "We must now accept telepathy as an established fact."

Someday perhaps the German Federal Criminal Police may unlock their secret files on Dr. Otto John and the world will know what role if any, ESP and hypnosis played in his flight behind the Iron Curtain. If it is shown that John was drawn to the Reds completely against his will in defiance of all that he stood for, then perhaps the West will be shocked into turning a more attentive ear to the long-suffering parapsychologists. Meanwhile, it can only be hoped that the Soviets don't unravel all the mysteries of the far-out mind first and then turn their new weapon against the Free World. □

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you free as our glorious leader, Mao Tse-tung, is freeing all China from bondage. Where is your former master, the greedy landlord-Hsu?"

She began to get her first vague understanding of the Revolution when she saw the fat Hsu dragged, blubbering and pleading, from his hiding place among the rice chests. Before an assemblage of eloquent peasants, he was kicked to his knees and made to confess his many crimes against the people. When a sword flashed in the sunlight and the fat head rolled in the dust, the Revolution suddenly became very real and very personal to Tsu-lan.

There was only one way she knew to express her appreciation for the new freedom. She did this so successfully that when the troops moved on to a new land-holding, she moved with them as unofficial Comfort Girl. In her spare time she spent long hours dutifully listening to Marxist dogma droned into her uncomprehending ears by a political cadre. There was no need for her to really understand it. In her naive mind, the words all added up to one thing: Hsu was dead and never again would his fat fingers torture her, or his gross, sweaty body crush her. Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao were shadow-fathers who, unlike her own, would never sell their unwanted children into slavery.

Like millions of her fellow Chinese, her sharp and hungry mind had never been given anything to feed upon but immediate necessities. Consequently there were no adverse ideas to be wiped out, no brain-washing to prepare the way for Communism. All the dreary, senseless dialectics of Marxism simply poured into the vacuum and stuck there.

It is vitally important to understand people like Tsu-lan in order to understand what Khrushchev has lately begun to call "The Yellow Peril." On paper the known statistics about Red China's military might can be dangerously deceiving. They can add up to a terrifying threat or a big laugh, depending entirely on your viewpoint. Only by glimpsing the mind and the spirit of the Red-landers of China can we evaluate the real danger to the future of a free world.

In any respects, the Bamboo Curtain is even tighter than the Iron Curtain of the Soviet empire at its tightest. Nevertheless, information does leak through and much of it is deemed reasonably accurate by the CIA. More information comes from our high-flying U-2 and U-3 reconnaissance planes and still more from our globe-girdling Samos spy satellites. So we know certain things for sure and have taken certain steps.

Somewhere in America's Middle West a cluster of very special Minuteman Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles crouch in their silos. Balanced on their noses are long-range warheads. Deep in their guts is the delicate mechanism pre-programmed to guide them with pinpoint accuracy to two primary targets deep in the heart of Red China.

Those targets are China's two atomic reactors. They were originally set up by Soviet technicians who were abruptly pulled out in 1959 just before they could show Chinese scientists how to manufacture their own atomic bomb. Since then China has had no glow doggedly ahead on its own, but with considerable success. It is now fairly certain that she has stockpiled sufficient Plutonium for two crude bombs and hopes to test one in the Sinkiang Desert late this year. Ahead, however, lie barren years before she can develop the industry to build such bombs or the planes and missiles necessary to deliver them on target.

Nevertheless, at the first sign of open hostility, keys will be turned and buttons pushed. The select birds will roar off and, 50 minutes later, Red China's venture into the atomic age will vanish in a mushroom-shaped holocaust. All this has a heartening sound, but in reality, it means practically nothing if war between China and the West ever breaks out.

Mao has always professed to be scornful of nuclear weapons, calling them "a Paper Tiger," his pet phrase. "Wars are not won by a few new weapons, but by people," he said recently. "Your nuclear bombs and rockets could wipe out 300 million Chinese and we would still have enough people left to conquer the world for Communism."

It is no idle boast. China's present population is authoritatively estimated at around 700 million people. At its present growth rate of some 22 million a year, it will reach a billion people by 1975, nearly one-third of the earth's total population.

China's standing army of around 2.6 million is the world's largest, but that figure tells only a small part of the story. Behind the CPLA—the Chinese People's Liberation Army—stands the Ming Bing, the People's Militia. This consists of roughly 125 million men and 75 million girls who form a combination labor force and army reserve. It is believed that because of Red China's woeful shortage of guns, only about 5 million of these get intensive weapons training but in all other respects they are drilled and trained and regimented exactly like a regular army.

Out of the Red Chinese Army's 150 or so divisions exactly one is airborne and three are armored. But the armor consists of obsolete Soviet light and medium tanks of World War II and a handful of Chinese-built copies. These latter are clumsy, slow and vulnerable. Says one U.S. weapons expert, "You could the damn things out with a peashooter once you found out where their weak spots were."

In 1955 the Red Chinese began drafting 18-year olds. The term of service is 3 years for the Army, 4 years for the Air Force or Coastal Service and 5 years for the Navy. Around 750,000 are drafted each year but only some 450,000 are taken into the regular army. The rest go into the Ming Bing as the labor force that works the collective farms and builds roads and airfields. One reason is China's shortage of weapons. She has never had enough small arms to equip even her regular army.

The shortage is still acute. Chinese factories are turning out copies of U.S. and Russian small arms, but the weapons are crude and unreliable. Many Chinese-made rifles captured in Vietnam recently were put together with rivets that jarred loose almost immediately from

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the vibration of firing. Before the Sino-Soviet split they got a supply of good Russian-made small arms, but only enough for a few of their crack units. From all their best weapons are U.S. guns captured or stolen in Korea or from Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalist troops.

Recently, Mao broadcast a speech sarcastically thanking the U.S. for its military aid. "America," he said, "sends its finest weapons to Chinese bandits who bring them to us from Taiwan and deliver them to us over their dead bodies."

The Red Chinese factories do better with mortars and with 57- and 75-mm recoilless rifles. However, they have neither the machinery nor the technical skill to turn any of these out in sufficient quantities. If another war came now they would still have to repeat the Korean experience and send a large percentage of second and third-line troops into battle empty-handed.

According to Chinese historians, as recounted in the *Peking People's Daily*, it was early in the 11th Century when two Chinese, Tang Fu and Shih Pu, stuffed a roll of paper with black powder, tied it to a stick and let off the world's first rocket. But despite this proud tradition, Red China lacks the industrial capacity to produce heavy rockets or missiles. She does turn out some light rockets, however, and a fairly successful copy of the Russian *Kassha* rocket-launcher.

THE balance of Red China's military muscle consists of what a way in the Pentagon has described as "the 4th largest obsolete Navy" and the 4th largest obsolete jet Air Force in the world. Nor will anything but a major miracle change that status in the foreseeable future.

The heaviest warships in the Red Chinese Navy are four old destroyers. The most potentially troublesome vessels are 31 equally obsolete submarines. Of these, only 17 are fairly modern medium-range diesel-electrics, shipped from Russia in prefabricated sections and assembled at the submarine base in Shanghai's Soochow Creek. The last was launched in 1960, just before the break with Russia that ended hope of any more. China has neither the machinery, the materials nor the technical skill to build her own or even, to keep her present fleet in very good repair.

The balance of her "Navy" consists of 24 PT boats of the type that attacked our destroyers in the Tonkin Gulf and perhaps 500 mine-layers, tugs and armored gunboats. Naval personnel consists of 81,000 officers and men, including 28,000 marines and 15,000 Naval Airmen without a single carrier and fewer than 500 antiquated planes. Red China has no naval base of any importance, but depends upon open docks at Tientsin, Taku, Foochow, Shanghai and Fukuken. Even the submarine pens at Shanghai are poor makeshifts.

Added to her antiquated equipment is the fact that for some curious reason the Chinese are notoriously poor sailors and wretched navigators. A few months ago the pride of Mao's merchant fleet was steaming toward Japan with a cargo of trade goods. Suddenly there was a grinding crash. The proud ship sank in a matter of minutes.

The surviving Red Chinese set up a howl that they had been treacherously attacked without warning by four U.S. submarines. A Japanese Naval detachment rushed out to investigate had some difficulty in keeping straight faces. They pointed out that by curious coincidence, the sinking had occurred at the exact spot where a sharp pinnacle of rock jutted up

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from the ocean floor to within a few feet of the surface. This was not only clearly marked on all charts, but was the only hazard to navigation in that entire area of the Pacific.

Military experts agree unanimously that the Red Chinese Navy poses no offensive threat at all. It would, in fact, be hard pressed to offer even a token defense of China's enormous coastline. Furthermore, China's chronic shortage of oil would make any sustained action impossible for want of fuel.

Since the split with Soviet Russia in 1960, Red China's vaunted Air Force has been rapidly deteriorating into an Air Force. It was this deterioration that cost the girl, Tu-lan, her life last year, as it has cost the lives of countless other Red Chinese pilots and grounded thousands more.

In her first fanatical zeal for the Communist Cause, Tu-lan enlisted in the Ming Bing. She was issued a summer uniform of thin blue denim trousers and jacket, the canvas shoes that are standard for both Militia and Regular Army and a padded cap pulled down over close-cropped hair. Her winter uniform was thicker padded with cotton and quilted, and the cap had ear-flaps added.

Even though the uniform completely unsexed its wearer, she was issued a regular weekly ration of rubber contraceptives, as the Army still does. Mao was then attempting his short-lived experiment in birth control and many shop windows held "educational" displays of the devices strung over realistically-carved replicas of the male phallus.

Seven days a week, Tu-lan was aroused at dawn by a gong or bugle. After an hour of calisthenics, she breakfasted on a small bowl of millet gruel, then marched in military order to the field or road or construction project for 10 hours of back-breaking labor. Following that, she had 15 minutes of military drill, followed by Marxist lectures and study until midnight.

As a soldier of the State she was issued 29 pounds of rice per month and enjoyed meat at least once a week. This was sheer luxury compared to the standard civilian ration of 19 pounds of rice and 6 ounces of pork per month.

Her home, in those in those months, was a bleak barracks wherever she was currently assigned. Her group was frequently moved, to the rice paddies for planting season, to the farms and fields for harvest, to a railroad construction in the north and a new military road in the south. Like most of her fellow Ming Bing, her labor was too hard, no sacrifice too great if it furthered the glorious cause that had brought to reach a new and exciting opportunity for freedom.

"Gruel and guns," Mao said, "are the weapons that will win our revolution."

The gruel she willingly swallowed but the guns were beyond her reach. She looked for a gun and the training to kill Chinese bandits and American Imperialists, but there were not enough guns to go around.

Then she heard that in South China a squadron of female fighter pilots was being formed. She promptly applied to join, and because she was intelligent, alert, and above all, fanatically dedicated to the Cause, she was accepted. She proved to be one of those rare, natural-born fliers.

This was the era when relations between Russia and China were at their zenith. Her flight instructors were Russian or Soviet-trained Chinese. The Red China Air Force was then blossoming with Mig-15 fighters, Tu-4 piston-engine and, An-2 piston-engine transports. Rus-

Naval reconnaissance bombers, and Il-14 train technicians were helping set up a national factory at Shenyang to begin producing the new Mig-17 jet fighter. Any Russian was automatically **Leo Tu-ko**—**Big Brother**—and he was able to fill his idle hours with comfort and soothe the fire in his loins was an honor. Tu-lan racked up a great many of these honors during her training.

She was bitterly disappointed when the Korean War ended before she was ready for combat. More than anything else she longed to send her jet fighter screaming through the skies to shoot down the hated "running dogs" from America. Almost daily there were reports of glorious new victories won by the Red Chinese "volunteers" in their own invulnerable Mig-15s.

The Tu-lans of Red China were never told the real truth—that American pilots in their older, slower F-86 Sabrejets were running Mao's proud Air Force through a meat grinder. By war's end the score stood at 800 Mig-17s shot down with a loss of only 58 Sabrejets.

In September of 1958 she had an opportunity to discover for herself some of the rash truths about Red China's vaunted air supremacy. She was one of 100 crack pilots selected to fly the new, faster Mig-17s as air support for the invasion of the Nationalist-held Quemoy Islands.

The mighty armada took off full of bloodthirsty eagerness. Over the Strait of Formosa they encountered Chiang's tiny Air Force—32 of the obsolete Sabrejets—only to be carefully howled in for the kill. It should have been an easy slaughter, except for two things. The Nationalist pilots were American-trained and the Sabrejets' armament had been augmented with the new heat-seeking Sidewinder air-to-air missiles.

Luckily for Tu-lan she was far back in the formation. The Sidewinders came screaming down. Utterly, each one sensed the jet blast of a Red Mig and homed in on its hot tail-pipe despite the most violent evasive action. Within minutes, 10 Mig-17s were blown up in the air, 11 were badly damaged and the rest were fleeing back to the mainland in wild disorder. Not one of the Sabrejets was even touched. Red gunfire.

The debacle brought an abrupt end to Mao's invasion plans and destroyed the myth of Red air supremacy. Never again have Red pilots challenged Nationalist fighters to combat. Instead, Mao began bombarding Nationalist forces with radio broadcasts, promising fantastic rewards to pilots who would defect and deliver American planes to Red China. The scale ranged from 100 **Liang**—about \$5,000 in gold—for a training plane to 8,000 **Liang**—\$280,000—for a U-2.

In June 1953 the broadcasts scored their first and only success. Captain Hsu Ting-tse of the Nationalist Air Force defected with a new F-86F fighter. He was hailed as a hero, paid 2,500 **Liang** in gold and made a Major in the Red Air Force. But for Mao it was a hollow triumph. Without spare parts, which China neither has nor can make, the plane is little more than a museum-piece.

In 1959 a handful of the new Mig-19s were shipped to Red China as samples. Immediately afterward, however, Russia broke with Red China and cut off exports. Overnight 1959's Soviet technicians packed up and returned to Russia. With them they took all the blueprints and Russian know-how on gigantic projects still uncompleted.

The blow to China was staggering. Her technology, years behind the West, was simply unable to fill the breach. Enormous industrial complexes that were

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MEN

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turn out licensed copies of Soviet planes, tanks and weapons stand empty and unfinished. Coal and oil production are down to a trickle. Huge dams that were to supply hydroelectric power have been finished by coolie labor, but they stand useless for lack of generators.

Curiously, mineral-rich China has never located deposits of nickel, and nickel alloys are essential as cylinder linings for engines. When Khrushchev cut off all exports of nickel alloys to China, he literally hurled her back into the 19th Century. Without them she cannot manufacture a single plane, ship or vehicle of any kind.

The great Changchun truck and auto plant and the Tientsin tractor plant are reduced to turning out spare parts for the few vehicles still operating. For want of trucks, the Army has to move all its supplies the backs of soldiers. For want of tractors and heavy machinery, highways and airfields have to be laboriously pecked out by hand labor.

Nowhere has Mao been more badly hurt by shortages than in his Air Force. He is believed now by experts to have fewer than 2,500 planes, all aging and obsolete and grounded much of the time for lack of fuel. A great many are being cannibalized for parts to keep the remainder flying.

His only jet fighters are old Mig-15s and Mig-17s. As a deliberate slap, Soviet technicians are currently helping India build a factory to produce the new super-sonic Mig-21s. Mao's only other fighters are 500 old piston-engine Navy planes. In addition he has some 11-28 jet bombers of the early model that suffered so many fatal crashes before the bugs were worked out. His only other long range craft are a few propeller-driven TU-4 medium bombers and some 11-14 and An-2 transports. He may still have a squadron or two of old M-1 and M-4 helicopters still operational, but barely so.

FEW of the Red Chinese planes are capable of operating effectively at the tremendous altitudes necessary over the towering mountain ranges that make up so much of her border. It was this weakness that killed Tsu-lan. Her ancient Mig-15 failed to clear a peak on route to a new field in Tibet. Both her map and her altimeter told her she lacked altitude to clear the barrier, but she had been ordered to follow a prescribed route and follow it she did to her death.

Mao's military problems are intensified by having to scatter his waning power over such a vast area, with enemies threatening on every side. He has had to heavily garrison the entire 4,000 mile border with the Soviet Union to counter a strong buildup by Russian troops. Another 135,000 to 150,000 troops are guarding the Indian border while nearly as many are needed to hold restless Tibet.

China's constant guerrilla raids and the never-ending threat of invasion have from 450,000 to 750,000 troops immobilized in the area opposite Formosa. Behind North Vietnam Mao has concentrated his greatest force. There are known to be at least 300,000 trained jungle fighters there, with another 200,000 in reserve. These include the yellow-uniformed crack Chinese 13th Army under General Chiu Chien-hung, a tough veteran of the Korean War who organized and headed the Human Wave assaults at American positions there.

However, internal communications are so poor that Mao's military chief, Marshal Lin Piao, spends almost all of his time traveling the widely scattered outposts. There is considerable logic behind a Soviet boast that "we could seize Sinkiang



"Oh yeah? Well, I still don't see what the hell you need her for!"

Province and open a back door to Tibet before they even heard about it in Peking."

All these problems and weakness do make Mao's bloodthirsty threats sound like the mouthings of a Paper Tiger, except for two things. One of them is China's teeming millions, largely regimented and brain-washed into what our expert calls "willing cannon fodder."

To a large extent, Mao Tse-tung has made good his slogan, "Every Chinese a soldier." From young children to doddering oldsters every Chinese is trained to blind, fanatical obedience to incredible physical labor and the barest minimum of food and clothing. Right now 10,000 coolies are living on a handful of rice per day while they literally hand-claw a military highway across North Laos to link China with the Communist Pathet Lao. Chinese soldiers are fighting and dying in the intense cold of the high Himalayas for the equivalent of 50 cents per month.

The other factor that nuts deadly teeth in the Paper Tiger is the Chinese Communist mentality. To Mao and his fellow Red chiefs, people are only tools or weapons to be used for any purpose and expended with a prodigal hand. There is something infinitely terrifying in the kind of minds that could casually dismiss the prospect of slaughtering 300 million of their own people in senseless nuclear war.

Yet Mao would not hesitate to start such a holocaust if it appeared to serve his purpose, and the millions of mindless robots he rules would as willingly fight and die in it. We had shocking evidence of that in Korea where the Chinese, armed only with sticks and stones, came on in howling Human Waves that refused to halt or waver until they were literally moved down. Multiply those Human Waves by 2 or 3 million blind fanatics and no army in the West, however superbly armed and equipped, could continue to withstand the pressures.

If our armies are ever forced to meet the Chinese in ground combat, our chances of winning are worse than slim. It is reasonable to believe that a main reason for Soviet Russia's break with Red China was a frightened realization that they were building a Frankenstein monster that could destroy them and the rest of the world.

Whatever else we may think of Nikita Khrushchev, we owe him a fervent vote of thanks for stopping that construction when he did. □

Nude Blonde OF MANHUNT STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

MAN'S WORLD BOOKLENGTH EXTRA

wouldn't give up his first hold but just clung to Parker's back. Then the asthmatic got his wind and balance back and joined in, trying to kick Parker's head loose. Parker knew the room even in the dark, since he'd lived there the last week, so he rolled over to where he knew there wasn't any furniture. The asthmatic, coming after him, fell over a chair.

Parker rolled to where the wall should be, humped into it, and climbed up it till he was on his feet, the duffel bag still clinging to his back. The duffel bag's legs were around Parker's hips, and his left arm was around Parker's chest. His right hand kept hitting the side of Parker's head.

Parker moved out to the middle of the room, and then ran backward at the wall. The second time he did it, the duffel bag fell off. Across the room, the asthmatic was still bouncing back and forth amid the furniture. Parker went over that way, got the asthmatic silhouetted against the pale rectangle of the window, and clipped him. The asthmatic went down, hitting furniture on the way.

Parker waited a few seconds, holding his breath, but he couldn't hear anybody moving, so he went over and shut and locked the window, pulled the Venetian blinds, and switched on the table lamp.

THE room was a mess. One bed had been turned at a forty-five-degree angle to the wall, and the mattress was half-pulled off the other one. The dresser was shoved out of position so it was blocking the closet door, and the wastebasket lay on its side in the middle of the floor with a big dent in it. All four chairs were knocked over. One of them had both wooden arms broken.

Parker walked through the mess to see what he'd landed.

Fifteen minutes ago it had started, with Parker lying clothed on the bed in the darkness, thinking about one thing and another, and waiting for Handy to come back. That was after eleven o'clock, so Handy was late already. The lights were off because Parker liked it that way, and the window was open because November nights in Washington, D.C., are cool but pleasant. Then through the window had come the faint clatter of somebody mounting the fire escape, four flights below at street level. Parker had got off the bed and listened at the window. The somebody came up the fire escape about as quiet as the Second World War but trying to be

quieter, and stopped at Parker's floor. Somebody with asthma. It was all so amateurish, Parker couldn't take it seriously, which is why the second one surprised him. He'd waited, and the guy with asthma had waited outside—probably to make sure there wasn't anybody home in Parker's room—and then finally he came in and it all had started.

THE nice thing about a hotel. Nobody questions any noise that lasts less than ten minutes.

They were both out, the duffel bag on his feet, and the asthmatic on his back. Parker looked them over one at a time.

Parker went through pockets. He found a hundred dollars in new tens and four dollars in old ones, plus half a dozen movie-theater ticket stubs, a long, narrow photo of a burlesque dancer named Furry Felina, clipped from a newspaper, and a Social Security card and membership card in Local 862 International Alliance of Chiefs and Kitchen Helpers. The Social Security card and the union card were made out to James F. Wilcoxon.

That was all. Parker left Wilcoxon and went over to the duffel bag, who had started to move. He had long, straight, limp hair, dirty blond in color, and Parker grabbed a handful of it and stopped his head against the floor. He stopped moving. Parker rolled him over and searched him. The right-hand pants pocket contained fifty-five cents in change and a key to room 29 in the Hotel Regal; the left, a roll of bills—one hundred dollars in new tens, left hip pocket, a Beretta Jaguar .22, with the three-and-a-half-inch barrel. Right hip pocket, a wallet containing seven dollars, plus a bunch of dog-eared clippings about the various arrests of Donald Scorb, on suspicion of this and that, mostly sexual or drunk and disorderly, with one narcotics possession. The wallet also disgorged a laminated reduced photograph of a Navy discharge—several discharges, for medical reasons with the same name on it, Donald Scorb.

Parker kept the two stacks of new tens

and the Beretta, but put everything else back in Scorb's and Wilcoxon pockets. Then he used their shoelaces to tie their hands behind them, and their belts to secure their ankles together. Scorb started to come out of it again and he had to be put back to sleep, but Wilcoxon was still out, wheezing through his open mouth. Parker shook the man, "Open your eyes, Jimmy."

Wilcoxon opened his eyes. Parker said, "Good," then straightened up and went away across the room to the nearest chair. He brought it over and sat down and kicked Wilcoxon conversationally in the ribs. "We'll talk."

Wilcoxon's lips were wet. He shook his head and blinked a lot.

"I got a hundred bucks. Scorb and me both go to the Wynant Hotel, first fire escape in the alley, fifth floor. If there's nobody home, take everything there. Suitcases and like that."

"And if there's somebody home?"

"Don't do nothing. Come back and report."

"Back where?"

Wilcoxon's blinking was getting worse. His eyes were closed more than they were open. "Listen," he said, "It's just a job, you know? A hundred bucks. Nobody hurt, just pick up some suitcases. Anybody woulda took it."

Parker shook his head. He didn't care about that. "Back where?" he asked.

"Howison Tavern. On E Street, down by Fourth Precinct."

"Who gave you the job?"

"Oh, uh—a guy named Angel. He's a heavy, he hangs out around North Capitol Street, up behind the station. Donny and me, we was in a movie on D Street, and when we come out Angel strabs onto us and gives us the offer."

"Is Angel going to be at the Howison Tavern?"

"He says no. He says somebody will come by, don't worry, he'll recognize us. We should sit in a booth and drink beer. Schlitz."

"Where do I find this Angel?"

"I don't know. Honest to Christ Hang-in' around someplace, up around behind the station."

IT was no good, Parker thought it over, chewing his lip. The meeting could not be faked, so there was no way to start a trail from there. And it would take more than an hour and a quarter to find somebody named Angel hanging around

Jude Blonde

the Union Station area somewhere. If Handy was still alive, he'd be alive till one o'clock. Then, when Scorb and Wilcoxon didn't show up, whoever had Handy would know there was trouble. The easiest thing would be dump Handy.

So it had to be done from the other direction, through the girl.

Fleeing Wilcoxon, Scorb's in the bathroom. Go, unite him."

Wilcoxon suddenly smiled, beaming from ear to ear. He hurried over and opened the bathroom door. "Donny! He's leavin' us go, Donny!"

The two of them started down the fire escape, making even more noise than they had coming up.

Parker stowed the Terrier away inside his coat and picked up the phone. When the operator came on, he made his voice high-pitched and nervous. "There's somebody on the fire escape! Get the police! Hurry! They're going down the fire escape!"

Parker stood on the sidewalk, and a couple of minutes later two cops came out of the alley alongside the hotel, pushing Scorb and Wilcoxon in front of them. So that was that. Because the Scorb and Wilcoxon never talk to the law, it couldn't get back to Parker. So no matter how good a story they thought up, they'd miss that one-o'clock meeting, and whoever had Handy wouldn't be warned. It was better even than keeping them tied up in the bathroom.

Parker turned and walked the other way. A block later he hailed a cab.

It was just over the Maryland line, in Silver Spring, a squat, faded apartment building called Silver Towers.

Parker turned the far corner and came striding toward the old building's court yard.

Inside, facing the stairs, on the wall, was a double row of brass mailboxes, with name plates Parker read the names.

At the far end, the hallway made a right angle to the left. Parker followed it, came to another flight of stairs and went up. He was now in section A, and the name he wanted was under the fifth mailbox from the left on the bottom row. Miss Clara Stoper, Apartment 26.

Parker listened at the door, but could hear nothing. There was a thin crack between the bottom of the door and the floor, but no light showed through.

Parker rang the bell.

He frowned, trying to remember the name Handy was using with Her, Pete Castle, that was it.

The door opened a few inches, held by a chain from opening any farther. Beyond was a sleepy-eyed girl's face. She was sleepy-eyed and holding a robe closed at her throat.

"Who is it? What do you want?" she said, the voice a good imitation of sleepy blurriness.

But her perfect hairdo had given it away. Parker didn't have to ask any questions after all. His right foot went out and wedged in the doorway, so the door couldn't be closed. His right hand reached through and grabbed a handful of hair on the top of her head. He slammed her forehead against the edge of the door. Her hands started to come up toward his wrist, and her mouth was opening wide to shout, as he did it again.

The third time, she became a dead weight and collapsed straight downward, leaving several strands of hair in his fist.

It took two high flat kicks with his heel to pop the chain loose from the doorpost. The door swung open, and beyond the lighted foyer and the dark living room was a bright doorway. The silhouette of a fat man appeared in it and Parker dove for the rug, stabbing into its pocket for the Terrier. The fat man fired over his head. Parker rolled into a wall and came up with the Terrier in his hand. The bright doorway was empty. Parker moved quickly, slamming the hall door.

THE fat man had the same idea. There wasn't any bright doorway any more. The whole apartment was dark.

The fat man knew this place, and Parker didn't. The fat man could sit and wait, and Parker couldn't take the time. The fat man could stay where he was and listen, shoot at the first sound, or just wait for Parker to go away.

In the dark, Parker found the unconscious girl. He dragged her into the living room and knelt beside her on one knee.

In a conversational voice he said, "Fat man. Listen to me, fat man. You fired one shot. The light sleepers around here are awake now; they think it was a truck making a backfire. You turn on a light, fat man, and you come out here where I can see you, or I make noises. I can scream like a woman, fat man. I can scream like a woman, and they very slow I can empty this pistol into your girl. Too many backfires, fat man. Somebody will call the police. Before I'm finished, somebody will call the police. Then I wipe the gun clean and put it down on the floor and beat it. No fingerprints of mine here, fat man. Nothing to connect me. But your fingerprints are everywhere. And somebody'll connect you up with this woman."

Silence. "Now, fat man. The next thing I do is scream like a woman."

"Wait." It was a soft voice, and from the left somewhere. "Not in the room."

"Turry." "I will not turn on the lights," said the voice. It had a faint accent, something Middle European. "But it is possible we can talk."

"Not in the dark." "You must be reasonable. We will effect a compromise."

"Name it." "You want something here, quite obviously, but you wouldn't have come. Yet I don't know you. I cannot imagine what it is you want. If what you want is information, we can discuss it just as profitably in the dark."

While the fat man was talking, Parker was crawling toward the sound of his voice, moving cautiously across the carpet on hands and knees. When the voice stopped, Parker stopped. He turned his head away, so he wouldn't sound any closer. "I'm here for information. Where's Pete Castle?"

"Ah!" The fat man seemed pleased to have the mystery cleared up. "He did have associates."

"Where is he?" "Resting in a safe place. I assure you. And relatively unharmed. I would sug-

gest, by the way, that you come no closer. You are now nearly at the doorway, and I pride myself on my shooting. If you clear that doorway, and then are foolish enough to speak, it will take me no more than one backfire to dispose of you."

"Why warn me?"

"Curiosity, just curiosity. The same motive that impelled me to have your friend taken away to where he could be questioned at leisure. Our operation is of a complexity and a delicacy. Your friend's presence became, quite naturally, of concern to us. We had to know whether his goal coincided with our own. Now I discover that there are two of you, perhaps more. You might tell me just what it is you want with Kapor. If our purposes are the same, it is possible we could come to an agreement."

"All I want is Pete Castle. You'll tell me where to find him, or I'll start making that noise—"

A body suddenly fell on him, grappling with him, and the girl's voice shrilled in his ear, "I've got him, Mr. Menlo! I've got him, I've got him!"

Parker struggled with her, hampered by the darkness, and over her shouting he heard the pounding of running feet. He flung her off at last in time to catch a glimpse of the hall door opening, and the back of the fat man. Parker headed that way, but the girl got him around the ankles, dropping him again. He kicked free, made it to the hallway, and heard the clatter of taps on metal stairs. The fat man was already halfway down.

Parker ran back into the apartment, switching on lights as he went. The girl was slowly and groggily getting to her feet. Her robe was disarranged, and beneath it she was fully dressed.

THE girl was no more than half-conscious.

She'd been battered once too often in the last five minutes. She was standing in the middle of the room, frowning and squinting as though not sure what was going on. Parker took hold of her arm and steered her into the kitchen. She moved with no complaint, repeating under her breath, "Mr. Menlo? Mr. Menlo?"

Parker sat her on a kitchen chair and slapped her face to get her attention. "Where have you got Pete Castle?"

She frowned up at him, and then rationality came back to her and her face hardened. "You can just go to hell."

Parker shook his head in irritation. He hated this kind of thing, hurting people or making them talk. It was messy and time-consuming and there ought to be a better way. But there wasn't.

He found wine in a kitchen drawer, and tied her to the chair, and gagged her. She fought it, but not successfully. He left her right hand free and put paper and pencil on the table.

"Write the address when you're ready," he said. Then he crunched for the kitchen matches.

There was a delivery truck out front, a small, old panel truck with the name "LAWSON FURNITURE" on the sides. It was away after one o'clock, but two men in white coveralls were carrying a rolled-up rug out of the dark bungalow.

This was in Cleverly, off Landover Road. Parker crouched in the back seat of the cab, watching them through the windshield. They were half a block ahead, and

on the other side of the street. Just the two men in white coveralls and the rolled-up rug. No fat man.

Parker said, "Douse your lights."

It was a lady cab driver, a small, middle-aged colored woman with a wild red hat. She glared over her shoulder at him. "What was that?"

Parker found a twenty and showed it at her, wishing he had the ponies. But Handy had taken that with him. Parker said, "I want you to put out your lights. Then follow that delivery truck over there when it takes off."

The new hooded buffed, but just as suspicious. "Is this some kind of gag, mister?"

"No gag."

"We're not supposed to do nothing like that."

"Just take the twenty."

"How I know you ain't a cop? Or a inspector or something?"

"Do I look like a cop?"

"Some cops yeah."

"All right," Parker said. "We'll do it the hard way." He dropped the twenty in her lap and showed her the Terrier.

The aunt she could understand. She doused the lights. "If you got robbery or rapery on your mind, big man," she said, "you just forget it."

"All you do is follow that delivery truck. Get ready now."

"Sure. They got a body in that rug." She thought she was being scornful.

"That's right," Parker answered.

"Thank."

THE delivery truck started away from the curb. Parker said, "Get them a block. Keep the lights off. I'll say so."

He had another twenty ready when the cab stopped. He tossed it to her. "This one's to forget to call the cops."

She shrugged and shook her head. "I sure hope you got your money's worth," she said. She sounded doubtful.

Parker hurried back around the corner, and down the block toward where the truck had turned in. There was no reason to hurry except he wanted to know what the hell was going on.

One thing he knew now—Handy was still alive. If Handy were dead, they'd either have left him there or driven the body far away from town.

Whether Handy was alive or dead was not the important part. The important part was who these people were and what they wanted. If they were after the money too, it would complicate things.

There was a walkway outside the office, with the office wall on one side and a wooden railing on the other. The wall was paneling halfway up and glass the rest of the way. The light was coming through the glass down toward the other end of the walkway. Parker moved that way, and edged close enough to look in through the glass.

They had Handy sitting on the floor, his back against the wall under the calendar. He was tied with a lot of white clothline, but not gagged.

Parker could could just make out what they were saying.

"But now we've got plans at time. We've got all night, you know that? That partner of yours is pretty good catching on so quick, but how's he gonna find you here? Even if he's sitting outside of Clara, so what? Off he goes to the house in Chevy, right? And there's the dead end."

The other one said, "Or maybe you got another partner. How many of you in this line, Pete? Just the two of you? Or maybe three, four? What do you say, Pete?"

There was silence, and then a third, and the first voice said, "Take it easy, boy. You want to put him out again?"

"Now wait a minute, let me talk to him. We got interrupted before; let me talk to him. Pete, listen to me. We don't want so much. We ain't greedy, Pete. But just listen. We're setting this operation set up, getting everything ready, and all of a sudden you come into the middle of it. You make a play for Clara, so pretty soon Clara's got it figured what you're after is to get into Kaper's house. You're working on something and we're working on something. Now all we want to know, Pete, is it the same something? What do you want in Kaper's house, Pete?"

There was no sense listening to any more. They wouldn't be saying anything more about themselves. There was Clara, and the fat man, Menlo, and these two, plus the one downstairs and maybe the one named Angel. Maybe some other too. They were all after something that Kaper had, just as Parker was, and if they, like Parker, were after the money, they wouldn't be volunteering that information to Handy. So Parker opened the door, went into the light, ran first. "Freeze."

Nobody ever does the two of them upon around, shock-eyed, and Handy opened tired eyes and grinned.

"Untie him," Parker said. Handy couldn't walk. His legs were numb from being tied so tight for so long. Parker had Fliers carry Handy and the three of them left the office and went downstairs and out to the truck. Parker got the ignition key, and then arranged the three of them. There was no partition between the seats and the load area, so Handy lay in back with it. Browning, MO automatic. Parker had taken away from the conversational one upstairs. From there he could keep an eye on Fliers, in front. Parker drove.

He backed the truck down the driveway to the street, but for a second he didn't know where to go. They hadn't set up any place private yet because the job wasn't that close to being made, and the hotel room wouldn't be any good for questioning Fliers. Then Parker remembered the bungalow where they'd been holding Handy. Why not? If any place in the District was guaranteed empty right now, it was that bungalow.

They drove in silence. Parker had his questions, but he wanted the proper atmosphere in which to ask them. And among them, he was wondering if Harrow had been dumb enough to send two men after the same ball. Could the fat man and his friends be working for Harrow too? That would be stupid.

But Harrow wasn't all that smart. That was two months ago.

FOR eighteen years, Parker had lived the way he wanted to. A pattern he liked. He was a heavy gun, in on one or two institutional robberies a year—a bank, or a payroll, or an armored car, just often enough to keep the finances fat, and the rest of the time he lived in resort hotels on either coast, with a cover that would satisfy even the income-tax brayers. Then, because of a snafu in one job, he'd got fouled up with the syndicate. He'd thought he'd got that straightened out—he'd even picked up a new face from a plunk man a year ago—and then two months before in Miami a syndicate heavy had tried for him, in his own hotel room late at night. There'd been a girl in the bed with him named Bett Harrow, and when the syndicate heavy died, Bett had taken off with the gun that had helped kill him. The gun could be traced to Parker's cover name, Charles Willis, and that was bad.

There was a lot of money and time and preparation tied up in that cover.

Bett had let him know he could have the gun back for a price, but he'd told her she had to wait while he got the syndicate off his back. He'd got in touch with Handy McKay, who'd worked with him on other jobs in the past, and this time the syndicate question was settled for good. Then Parker went back to Miami with Handy to find out what Bett wanted.

But it wasn't Bett who wanted anything. It was her father, Parker set up the meeting, but left Handy out of it. It might be useful sometime if neither Bett nor her father knew anything about Handy.

THE Harrows came to Parker's hotel room at one-thirty in the afternoon. They knocked on the door and when Parker opened it there was Bett, tall and slender and blonde, with vicious good looks, and next to her an older, an short and stocky and gray-haired. He had no tan at all, and the suit he was wearing was too heavy for Miami. Bett, he'd obviously just arrived in town. He was looking uncom-



"You better come closer," Parker said. "Or this'll be your last berth."

fortable and carrying a book under his arm.

Bett said, "Can we come in, Chuck?" He motioned them in. Bett came in first, and her father followed, clutching the book protectively to his chest. It was a large, slender book with a red binding and a picture on the cover of some people in a balloon.

"Dad, this isn't Chuck Willis, but he says he is. Bett was enjoying herself. It was the kind of scene she liked, which was one of the reasons she was living in a saloon."

Ralph Harrow was fifty-three, the principal stockholder of the Commonwealth Aircraft Company. He owned 27 per cent of that company's outstanding shares. And he was additionally a large stockholder in three airlines and one insurance company. He was also a member of the board of each of the five companies thus represented in his stock portfolio. He had been born to money and had multiplied his inheritance. A staff of attorneys now to it that nothing he did was technically illegal, and they earned their money.

Nude Blonde

He came into the room showing an unusual apprehension, and responded to his daughter's introductions with a brief, wary nod. "This is my daughter's idea, uh, Willis," he said. "I assure you, coercion is not my normal, uh, my normal policy."

"You haven't coerced me yet," Parker had answered. "First you got to tell me what you want."

Harrow licked his lips and glanced at his daughter, but she was no help. "To begin with, I'd like you to read a brief article in this magazine."

ETI laughed, and looked challengingly at her father. Harrow sighed. "This article concerns a group of eighty-two statues in a museum at Dijon, in France," he turned the book around so Parker could see. "You are the title? 'The Missing Mourners of Dijon,' by Auberginoma."

"You want me to steal a statue," Parker said, and Bett laughed again.

"I want you to understand the background," Harrow answered unhappily. "It is important that you understand the background."

"Why?"

"Dear Dad's a romantic," said Bett with honeyed venom in her smile.

"Elizabeth, please."

"Get on with it," Parker said.

"Very well. Very well. I, Mr. Willis, am in a very small and special way a collector of medieval statuary. I say in a special way. My daughter is right, Mr. Willis—I am a romantic. I am fascinated by each piece in my collection, by its creation and by its history. You understand this collection is for my own satisfaction, and not on display."

Bett laughed and said, "Because they were all stolen."

"Not so!" Harrow looked indignantly at his daughter. "Every piece was paid for, and handsomely too."

"But the fascinating history," she said, mocking the words. "It always includes a theft or two, doesn't it?"

"That is not at all my concern. I myself have—"

"Shut up," said Parker.

They stopped their bickering at once, and looked at him, startled. "You want me to steal one of these statues, right? From a museum?"

"Good heavens, no!" Harrow seemed honestly shocked.

"Let me tell you," Harrow stood in front of him, suddenly beaming, a glint of excitement in his eyes. "You remember, three of the mourners are still missing? No one knows where they are, but I've located one of them!"

"And that's the one you want me to get?"

"Yes. Yes. Now, the way it is—"

"Sit down. You're making me nervous."

"Oh, of course I'm sorry. Yes, of course."

Harrow retreated, and sat poised on the edge of the chair by the door. Parker's tone had drained some of the excitement out of him, and he went on more normally. "The way I happened to discover this mourner was rather odd. My company, about three years ago, received a small order for cargo planes from Klastava. Six planes, I believe. You know the country?"

"Never heard of it."

"I'm not surprised. It's one of the smallest of the Slavic nations, north of Czechoslovakia. For all I know it was a part of Poland at one time; most of those countries were. The point is, it's a nation on the other side of the iron curtain, so of course we were somewhat startled to get this order from them. The satellite nations are encouraged to deal with the Soviet Union, you know."

"No news reports," Parker answered. "Just tell the story."

"I'm trying to give you the background."

Harrow was beginning to get impatient. Parker shrugged. Over on the bed, Bett was smiling dreamily at the ceiling.

"It turned out," said Harrow, plunging on with his story, "that this was one of the de-Stalinization periods and Klastava was taking advantage of the milder climate to do some of its purchasing in the more competitively priced, Western market. Needless to say, we never sold them any more planes, but in the process of that sale I met a gentleman named Kapor, from the Klastavian embassy. What Kapor's normal duties are I don't know, but at that time he was handling the negotiations for the sale of the planes I met him, at I say, and we discovered we had quite a bit in common. At any rate, he was a house guest in my home two or

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three times, and once or twice when I was in Washington he invited me to stay with him. And it turned out that he too has a small collection of statuary, but of no particular value. However, his collection did include an alabaster figure of a weeping monk, approximately sixteen inches high."

Harrow smiled broadly, and rubbed his hands together. "I suspected what it must be at once, and learned that Kapor had no idea that it was anything more than an interesting piece of early-Middle Ages statuary. I also discovered where he'd bought it. I made discreet inquiries, and gradually pieced together this little monk's history, working backward, of course to its original home in Dijon."

"I don't need all that," Parker interrupted. Harrow seemed ready to play the romantic all week.

Harrow looked back and forth from Parker to his daughter, beaming and happy. "A fascinating history," he said, dwelling on the words, "a fascinating history. A bloody revolution, a somewhat less bloody rebellion, a civil war, an economic crash—all have touched this small statue and influenced its destiny. It has traveled from France to Canada to Atlanta to Boston and to a provincial upstate New York town. Now it is in Washington. It has been stolen at least twice, and possibly three times, and now it is to be stolen again. A fascinating, fascinating history."

"Yeah," said Parker. He lit a cigarette and threw the match toward an ashtray. "The point is, you want me to get it for you?"

"Exactly. I will give you, of course, full particulars."

"What's in it for me?"

"What? Oh," Harrow looked pushed for a second, but now he smiled radiantly. "Of course, you expect to be paid. You'll get the gun, for one thing, and a certain sum of money."

"What sum?"

Harrow pucked on his cheek, studying Parker's face. Finally, he said, "Five thousand dollars. In cash."

"No."

Harrow raised his eyebrows. "No? Mr. Willis. I consider the gun to be the major item of payment. Any cash would be in the nature of a bonus."

"Fifty thousand," Parker said.

"Good God! You aren't serious?"

Parker shrugged, and waited.

"Mr. Willis, I could buy the statue for little more than that. I've said you, the present owner has no idea—"

"You can't buy it at all," Parker said, "on your word."

"Well," Harrow poked his lips, glanced with an aggrieved look at his daughter, pucked on his cheek again, drummed his fingers on the book in his lap. "I'll go to ten thousand, Mr. Willis. Absolutely my top offer. Believe me, the statue is worth no more than that to me."

"I'm not bargaining," Parker replied.

"Fifty thousand or get out."

Harrow said, "Very well. Twenty-five. Half now, and the balance when you get the statue."

Parker opened the two dresser drawers and began transferring shirts to the suitcase.

Harrow watched him a minute longer, and Bett watched them both. The father was frowning, the daughter smiling.

"Thirty-five."

Parker stared on the second drawer.

Bett said, "Give up, Dad, he won't change his mind."

Parker started on the third drawer.

"Stop packing. Fifty thousand. Agreed."

Parker paused. "In advance," he said.

"The fifty thousand now, the gun after I get the statue."

"Half now."

"I told you I don't bargain."

Harrow shook his head angrily. "All right. The money now, the gun afterward."

Parker left the suitcase and went back to the chair by the writing table. "All right," he said. "Come over here. Bring your chair. I want this Kapor's address. You've been in his house, I want to detailed a ground plan as you can give me. I want to know what room the statue is kept in, and if he's got more than one there. I want a detailed description of the one I'm after. I want to know how many people are in the household, and what you know about the habits of each of them."

WHEN Parker finally had everything from Harrow he was likely to get, Harrow was put on the stand for the fifty thousand. Bett wanted to stick around for bed games, but Parker wasn't in the mood. He was never in the mood before a job.

After they'd gone, Parker went down

to the bar and get Mandy together they went over the ground plan and the starchy information they had, and the next day, after Harrow had turned over the attacked case full of cash and Parker had checked it in the hotel safe, they took off for Washington.

They took over in a sprawling colonial brick house with white trim of Garfield, four blocks from the Klatswa embassy. Mandy suggested the old trick-and-true maid play. Select the maid, gain her confidence, and eventually get a chance to make an impression of the keys in her purse. With the keys, a bold frontal attack—walk straight up to the door at a relatively early hour of the night, unlock it, and go on in.

Because it was Mandy's idea, and because he had a most pleasant personality, he went after the maid. The maid, Clara Cooper, was about thirty and good-looking in a harsh sort of way. She spent her Mondays and Thursdays nights in a bar on Wisconsin Avenue, and it was there that Mandy made the meet. That was a week ago and tonight he'd been going to her apartment where he was sure he would be able to get his hands on the keys. She'd already given him a ten-thirty deadline so he'd told Parker he'd be back by eleven. But eleven o'clock had passed and he hadn't shown up, and then the two amateur bums came up the stairs, unlocked the door, and gradually all hell had broken loose. So if Harrow had sent this second group after that goddamned man Harrow was in trouble.

PARKER left the truck a block from the bungalow, and said to Mandy: "Can you keep him tight?"

"No trouble," Mandy was sitting up now, and looked in better shape. He held the key loosely in his lap, his eye on Pliers.

"He won't go anywhere."

"You guys are wasting your time," Pliers said. He looked surly and intelligent, but so very tough.

Parker got out of the truck and walked to the bungalow.

The house had four rooms. Parker moved through them and found them all empty. He went out the front door and walked back to the truck. He started it and drove to the bungalow, up the driveway, and around to the back yard. "Hold him a minute more," he said to Mandy, and got out of the truck again. He went into the house and turned on the kitchen light. Enough light spilled over the rear window so he could snatch off the truck lights.

Mandy could walk now, but stiffly. The three of them went into the bungalow, and while Mandy covered Pliers with the .380, Parker finished him, emptying everything out of the man's pockets. All his I.D. cards were—all made out to Walter Ambridge of Baltimore.

Parker sat down in the other kitchen chair and rested his hands on the table. "All right, Wally," he said. "Who's Mendo?"

"Up yours."

Parker shook his head and picked up the pliers. He crowded them toward Mandy. "Take off his left thumb nail."

Ambridge came out of the chair rearing. They had to hit him hard enough to stun him before they could get him to sit down again. Parker waited until conversation came back into Ambridge's ears and then he said: "Do we have to be you to be the chair, Wally? Do we have to hurt you? I've been doing nothing but ask questions all night long. I don't like that you answer in a hurry, Wally."

Ambridge said "You birds are in trouble? You didn't get cleared."

"Cleared? What the hell are you talking about?"

"With the Outfit, Goddamn it. You don't make any stay around here without you clear it with the Outfit first."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Parker. He knew the Outfit—it was what the magazine was calling itself that year—didn't like action in its territories without its approval, and he knew there were people in his line of work who never took on a job without letting the Outfit know about it first. But Parker himself would never work on a job that had been tipped to the Outfit and he didn't know why anybody else did. The Outfit always awarded a piece 5 or 10 per cent, for giving its permission, and permission was all it ever gave. Whatever local fix the Outfit had was good for the transients if they dealt with smart.

"No Mendo asked this job with the Outfit. Which are you with, Mendo or the syndicate?"

"Outfit. I'm with the Outfit, an innu. Mendo didn't have no opinion if his own."

Nobody knew you had a partner," Ambridge sounded resentful.

"Now we get to the question again," Parker said. "Who is Mendo, and what's he after?"

Ambridge said: "I can tell you and it doesn't make no difference at all. You can't back the Outfit. You'll be yours."

"Quit stalling," Parker replied.

Ambridge looked suddenly startled, and stared at their faces. "Wait a minute," he said. "Are you sure Commies?"

Mandy laughed again. "Not us, he. We're capitalists from way back."

Who is Mendo? Parker was getting tired asking the same question.

"Mendo's a defective," Ambridge said. "He's from one of the Commie countries, but he's copying out. He says this Kapor's better, we're taking it away from him."

"Now heavy?"

"Maybe a hundred G."

Mandy whistled low, but Parker said: "Can I ask? Where'd he get all that?"

"From us," said Mendo. This Mendo made a contact and talked to McC—talked to the boss here, and the boss figured it's worth the chance for a fifty-fifty split. Mendo's got the goods, the Outfit's got the manpower."

HE was probably selling the truth. The fat man, Mendo, had convinced the Outfit that Kapor's house was full of money. But where was an embassy side from a small and unfriendly country likely to pick up a hundred thousand dollars? Either Mendo was pulling a fast one, giving the Outfit a tale in return for some muscle, or there was more to this Kapor than Harrow knew about.

The next one to see was Mendo. Parker asked: "Where's Mendo now?"

Ambridge shook his head.

"Don't get cute, Wally. You were supposed to get in touch with him after Mendo talked. Where?"

"He didn't say. He just called us here and said take that guy in the garage, that he'd get in touch with us later."

Mandy shifted his position against the refrigerator. "He'll be going down now. We left the other two howling."

"That's all right. Wally knows where he'd go."

"How the hell would I know?"

"He'll go where the rest of you can see him. He wants his muscle close to him. Where's it, Wally?"

"I don't know. That's the steeple."

Parker lifted the pliers again. "First we tie you," he said. "Then we take your fingers off. Of then we take your tooth

out."

"What do you want from me? I don't know where he is. Ambridge was sweating now his forehead slick under the fluorescent light. "I'm telling you what you want, what the hell do you think?"

Parker turned his head to Mandy. "Take a look in the drawers. People usually keep things around. We'll have to be him down this time."

"Wait—wait a second. Wait now, just wait a second," Ambridge was a big man, but he was flustered now like a little man. "I mean, maybe I—"

"Don't make up any addresses, Wally. You'll give us the address and we'll keep you on our here till we check it out, and if Mendo isn't there we'll come back and talk to you again."

"I can't be sure he's there! For Christ's sake, maybe he's—"

"Take a chance."

"Well," Ambridge wiped his palm across his forehead, and it came away wet. He looked at his wet hand with a sort of dull surprise. "I'm a coward. I'm nothing but a coward."

MANDY took pity on him. "The information didn't come from you. It'll never get back to your boss."

Ambridge glared at Parker and started up out of the chair. Parker and Mandy had to work a little to get him to sit down again, then Parker said: "You started to give us the address. Now give."

They had him write the address down, and then they tied him and left him in a closet. They never did go back.

They left the car half a block from Bradley, on the side street that flanked the house they wanted. This way they could get to the back door without tipping the chauffeur in the Continental outside.

Every light in the house was on, and the Continental still waited out front, chewing up the road with empty wheels.

Mandy caught Parker's eye, and pointed at the floor. Parker nodded. Moving cautiously and silently, they went thru the house. The first door they tried opened onto the pantry, but the second showed cellar stairs angling away to the left. Lights came up from below and the sound of someone talking softly and conversationally. And there was another sound, a steady scraping and chugging, slow and rhythmic.

Down at the other end, the fat man was digging his own grave, while three men surrounded him, watching. Two of the three stood silently waiting in their hands. The third had brought a kitchen chair down with him—or has someone bring it down for him—and was sitting comfortably on it, his back to Parker. He seemed mildly drowsy, and he was the one doing the talking, a steady soft flow of easy conversation, a monologue almost, in a language Parker didn't recognize. It was guttural, but not in a Germanic way.

Mandy had seen too. He grinned and motioned for them to go back upstairs, but Parker shook his head. Mandy took puzzled and leaned forward to whisper: "They're getting rid of the connection. Why not let them?"

Parker whispered back: "If there's more than a statue in Kapor's house, I want to know what it is and where to find it. The fat man knows."

Mandy shrugged. "I'll take the one on the left."

They leaned out on different sides of the staircase, showing only their heads and one hand. The shoes roared out in that random space like a cavernous blowing up.

Before the two men had a chance to get around the talkative one was out of his chair spinning around, a fat white automatic coming out from under his coat.

Nude Blonde

Parker and Handy both fired again, and the automatic, sailed into the air as he toppled backward into the grave. Menlo had only half died.

Menlo, again moving faster than any fat man should, threw himself off to the side and rolled over against the side wall. But when there weren't any more shots, he got to his feet cautiously. His white shirt was a sweaty, dirty mess, his black trousers rumpled and baggy. He was barefoot, and his face and hands were also covered with dirt. He stood peering toward the stairs until Parker and Handy moved toward him, and then suddenly he smiled. "Ah!" he said. "How glad I am I did not pause to kill you at poor Clara's."

"Let's go," Parker said.



"Here's a lesson in police work," Menlo said, pulling out the gun. "Always search a prisoner before you try to lock him in a cell..."

"So soon? But I have not yet expressed my appreciation. You have saved my life."

"We'll talk later, what do you say?" Handy asked.

Menlo looked around at the three scattered bodies. "There is much in what you say," he said. "Have you dealt with the chauffeur?"

"We won't have to. Come on."

"Most certainly."

Parker went first, and then Menlo, with Handy last. They filed upstairs to the kitchen, and as Parker reached for the screen door, Menlo said, "Please! Would you take me away in such a condition?"

"You can wash up later," Handy said. "But my shoes! My coat! My personal possessions!"

"Come on," said Parker.

Let him get his stuff," Handy said.

"What the hell?"

"You watch him, then."

"Sure."

Parker waited in the kitchen. They were gone two minutes by the kitchen clock, and when they came back Menlo was wearing shoes and a topcoat. The topcoat was too tight for him, making him look like somebody on a Russian reviewing stand. He was carrying a black attaché case covered with good leather.

Parker pointed at it. "What's in there?"

"I checked it," Handy said. "Just clothes and a flask."

"And a toothbrush," Menlo added. His face was still dirty, and when he smiled he looked like the fat boy in a silent movie comedy. "I am most proud of my teeth."

"Let's go."

They went out the back way and down the block to their car. Parker sat behind the wheel and Handy and Menlo sat in back. "Where do we go from here?" Handy asked.

"Back to the hotel."

"What if they come looking there again?"

Parker shook his head. "The only ones who looked were Menlo's people. And Menlo doesn't have people any more. Do you realize?"

Menlo, smiled again, with much witfulness, and spread dirty hands. "Only you," he replied. "My two newly found friends."

Parker started the car. When they crossed the intersection the Continental was still waiting out from—the lights on the motor running, the chauffeur deeply immersed in the Star.

But Harrow stretched lazily and got up off the bed. "It's about time you came home. Three-thirty in the morning. Who are these nice people?"

Parker said. "Get the hell out of here."

"Daddy sent me for a progress report, sweetie. All that money spent, and not a word from you. He got nervous. Fifty thousand dollars a fifty thousand dollars."

"An axiom, my dear," said Menlo, smiling and advancing, his hand extended. "You have stated what is possibly the ultimate truth. I am Auguste Menlo yours to command." She gave him her hand, smiling, and he bent low over it kissing it.

"Sit down, fat man and shut your face," Parker said. "But, tell your father I'll see him when I'm done. Now get out of here." She gave him her room number and left.

"Of course. When I became aware of you, I said to myself, is this coincidence? Could you possibly be interested in the same goal toward which I was directing myself? That I had you summoned for questioning, and thus the additional events which have transpired. But now you and Mr. Parker have saved my life, and all at once the answer is clear. Your goal is not the same as mine. Or at least it was not until tonight. Did you save my life for humanitarian reasons? Surely. There could be only one other reason. To keep me alive until such time as you would know that I already knew. Which means that for all your threatening statements and glowering expressions you cannot risk having me dead."

Nobody said anything about having you dead," Parker said.

I must explain," said Menlo. He pulled again pleased with himself. "Because of my occupation these past fifteen years, I

have been equipped for instant self-liquidation. One of my teeth is false, it contains a capsule. Should I bite down hard in a certain way—a rather awkward way, to avoid doing so unintentionally—I would break that capsule. Should that happen, my breath would smell pleasantly of almonds, and I would very soon be dead. That is what Spornick was talking to me about tonight, in the cellar, while I was digging my own grave. He was warning me that I save the state the price of a bullet. But where there is life as your proverb so succinctly puts it, there is hope. In this case, well-founded hope." He smiled more more. His teeth gleamed.

"Eff. We try to hurry you," Parker said. "We'll kill yourself. Is that it?"

Parker shook his head, got to his feet, and went over to be down on the bed. The world was full of people who never did anything but talk. "Any time you feel like it," he said.

"You are most gracious. Menlo took a deep breath, thought for a second to organize his thoughts, and began talking. "Our mutual target, Lepai Kapor, has for the past eight years been one of our most important liaison agents with our espionage network in this country. As an aide at the embassy of such a small and insignificant nation as Klatravva, he was far less likely to come under the scrutiny and suspicion of American counterintelligence. His duties have been twofold. First, he transmits information from the network to the Soviet Union. Second, he furnishes funds to pay for the network's continued existence, to cover the cost of bribes and payoffs and so on. Just recently, we discovered that Kapor has systematically been cheating us ever since getting this assignment. His method is simplicity itself. Say a particular document cost one thousand dollars to obtain. In his report he would state that it cost fifteen hundred dollars, and the average he would merely transfer to his own pockets. How much we can accrue for himself in this way we can only guess, but the estimate is that he has stolen more than ten thousand dollars a year for eight years. Perhaps in all, one hundred thousand dollars."

"If you feared to take the money and run," Handy asked.

"Would you not? Of course. Let me tell you what I did. Laboriously, I managed to contact members of the American underworld who could 'protect' me."

"The fix," Handy said.

"Yes! The fix is in. That's what it was. And the operation was executed. We moved most cautiously. I assure you not wanting to flush our bird prematurely from the nest. What had led to the discovery of Kapor's meanness in the first place were some small slight indications that he might be planning to make a sudden move, to defect or disappear. There is a large amount of money due to pass through his hands very shortly, and we were convinced he was waiting only for its arrival before making his own departure. Unavoidable delays have kept that money from reaching him thus far as he will reap upon his neck waiting our pleasure."

"How close were you?" Parker asked. "We had intended to enter the house this coming Friday. Kapor will be at an

official dinner most of the evening, and we intended to be in the house already upon his return."

Menlo shifted his bulk in the chair and looked with an innocent smile at Parker. "This plan could still be effected," he went on. "Without the missions of the Oubli de coeur."

Parker studied the fat man's face. "You?"

"But of course. You have business of your own with Kapor, though I confess I cannot imagine what it is. In addition, you would no doubt like to share in that hundred thousand dollars I need instantaneously, which you can give me. You need to know the location of the money, which I can give you."

"You know where it is?"

"The exact spot, I must say, it is exceedingly well hidden."

"So you want to team up with us?"

"It seems most logical, does it not? My information, your experience. And we will, of course, split anyway you say."

The fat man wouldn't be getting any of it, but Parker, for appearance's sake made a complaint. "That's no even split. A third of each of us."

Menlo spread his hands and smiled. "If you insist I am not greedy. I assure you."

So the fat man was planning a double-cross too. Parker thought, and asked "You still want to do this?"

"That strikes me as the best time yet. By the way, could you possibly tell me what it is that you two are concerned with in Kapor's house? That lovely girl mentioned the sum of fifty thousand dollars."

"Kapor's got a statue, supposed to be one of the lost statues from some temple in France. A collector gave us fifty thousand to steal it for him."

"One of the mummies of Dion?" Menlo smiled in surprise. "I have read of them, of course. How romantic! And a collector, you say? That charming girl's father, no doubt. I would most like to meet him."

"Maybe I can arrange it. Parker said

MENLO full name was Elizabeth Ruth Harrow. Conway. She was as the fat man had said, a magnificent female twenty-nine years old, and with honey hair made to gleam in candlelight. She had the hollow-checked aristocratic face that comes of generations of breeding and inbreeding, and the tall, lush, well-proportioned body of a stripper crossed with a Channel swimmer. She was rich now and had been all her life, living currently on a combination of alimony from her ex-husband and allowance after from her father. She was well-served, and she kept her hotel-room door unlocked.

Parker came in and closed the door and stood there looking at her in the bed. "Whose idea was this? Yours or your father's?"

"Be nice, Chuck," she murmured. "Be nice to me, and I'll go away first thing in the morning. If you still want me to."

"You'll go away first thing in the morning, or the day's off," he said. "And you won't come back I'll see you after I give your father the statue."

"Maybe I won't feel like it then."

He shrugged.

She was still trying to be cool and seductive, but the reds were getting rarer. What if I decide not to be so obedient little girl, Chuck?

"Your father's out fifty grand," Parker growled. "Don't be here in the morning."

After kissing the girl, Parker sat down on his own bed, flicked ashes into the nearest ashtray. "So now we wait two days."

Handy was driving. They were working

the side streets, back and forth. Handy drove casual at the wheel and Parker beside him, studying the parked cars. Menlo was back at the motel.

They'd been looking for twenty minutes, and finally Parker said, "There it is."

Parker got out and closed the door, and Handy drove the Pontiac away. Parker crossed the street and strolled down toward the car.

It was a Cadillac, gleaming black, four or five years old, being in this neighborhood it had to be on its second owner, but now, or maybe third. Still, whoever owned it was in a class. It wouldn't look out of place turning into Kapor's driveway.

The wheel was empty. There were no faces in any of the house windows that Parker could see. He stopped next to the Cadillac and tried both doors. He was as luck the rear one was unlocked. It was the rear door that people forgot most often.

He slid over behind the wheel, and took a jumpier way out of his pocket, with sticky electric tape at both ends. He unpeeled part of the tape and then working by feel once more creased down under the dashboard and put the jumper on. The starter caught, and slipped, and caught again, and then the engine was purring. He put the automatic transmission in Drive, and pulled away to pick up Menlo.

Menlo got in the back again, and Parker and Handy up front. There was now a new set of wires by the steering shaft, ending in a small oblong fixture with a pushbutton. This was the new starter. Parker tested it out and it worked fine. He backed the Cadillac out of its parking slot and drove it slowly out.

Kapor's house when they got there, was in darkness, the way it was supposed to be. Parker spun the wheel and the Cadillac entered the driveway. The tires crunched on the gravel. The Cadillac looked right at home here as Parker toiled around behind the house and left it in front of the garage, hidden from the street by the house.

They went in and Parker turned on the pencil beam. From Clara, through Menlo, they now had a good ground plan of the house. His voice said, Parker asked, "All right, Menlo. What room do we want?"

"We'll get your statue first," Menlo said. "I have a desire to see it."

It stood in a corner, near the bookcase, on a low pedestal nearly hidden from view. White, small, almost bent by grief, the mourner stood, his face turned away.

"I see," said Menlo softly, gazing at the mourner. "Yes I see. I understand your Mr. Harrow's craving."

"Now the dough," said Parker. To him the statue was merely sixteen inches of alabaster for the delivery of which he had already been paid in full.

"Of course. Most certainly," Menlo's old smile popped back into place. He walked over and handed the statue to Parker. "As you so ably expressed it, now the dough."

"In there? In that other big statue?" Parker asked.

"Most certainly! Watch," Menlo put his hands on the statue's head and turned. There was a grating sound and the head came off in his hands.

He stuck his hand down inside and brought out a batch of greenbacks. "You see."

"All right. Let's pack it," Parker said. Handy opened the suitcase and as Menlo brought forth handful after handful of bills, Parker and Handy stowed it all inside.

When the suitcase was full there were

still some bills left over. "Ains, I misjudged," said Menlo, smiling at the double handful of bills he held. "Who would have thought a small statue could have held so much?"

He stuffed the bills into his own pockets, and suddenly his right hand emerged holding a derringer, a Hi Standard (twisted .22). It pached hardly any power at all, but at this close range it could do the job as well as anything.

Parker and Handy both moved, each in opposite directions, but Menlo's own was also a professional. His face tightened as he fired twice, and both were his Handy slammed into the wall, and collapsed in a crumpled heap. Parker flailed backward, arms pinwheeling, scattering statues as he crashed.

Menlo paused a moment, but both bodies lay still and the derringer was empty.

MENLO was dreaming.

A woman came walking toward Menlo across the beach. She was tall and golden and blonde and slender with pleasing fullness where they should be and she was totally nude. But no one else paid her any attention.

Then she stepped into his eyes, making them sting and water and he closed them for relief. When he opened them again, the woman was closer, but now she was wearing Parker's face.

"No!" Menlo screamed, and in a sudden great gust of flame and smoke the dreamer disappeared.

He sat up, and slowly the realization came to him that this was truth that he was awake and the nightmare was over. His cheeks were trembling and his mouth hung open. He tried to close it, but his jaw immediately fell slack again. But reality was returning to him and in a minute he got up from the bed and stood in the middle of the room. He was asked, in honor of the United States and Ben Hurrow.

The nude woman, Bet Harrow, of course. Odd he couldn't remember her name in the dream. Perhaps that meant she was not an individual to him. She and the airline stewardess and all the women in the American magazines were simply an erotic goal with interchangeable bodies and faces and names. One would do as well as another.

Next Parker's face. It had crumpled up a few times each time attached to another's body.

It could be that Parker had no body any more. Menlo having murdered it.

He understood the dream now, and its terror was washed away. He went over to the nightstand, picked up his watch, and saw that it was ten minutes to four. He had one hour, having fallen deeply asleep immediately after returning here from Kapor's house, feeling after the high-nitched excitement of the robbery and killings a lethargy unlike any drowsiness or exhaustion he had ever known before. So he had slept, purging his mind of all residual terrors through this nightmare, and now he was rested and calm.

It was time to be going.

He wanted to travel south from here, but he was north of the city.

He laid the man on the seat beside him and started the engine. He was not used to so large and soft an automobile.

His progress at first was agonizingly slow. The automobile was unfamiliar to him as were the great walls of the Capital Beltway he was periphrasing freely, despite the November chill, and there was a pain in his head from crisscrossing his row and equipping through the windshield.

Nude Blonde

But the Capitol Beltway was a superhighway, like the German Autobahn. Men relaxed at once and was on his way. He didn't hear the men at first. He was coming to decide whether or not to stop in this little town for something to eat, and though the waiting filled his ears, at first he didn't connect it with himself at all.

Police. He thought they'd caught up with him. The problem was, he didn't have the background to understand what was happening. In all of Elmore there isn't one single solitary speed trap. There isn't enough tourism to support one.

He thought: *Run! Outrun him?* Could they in this country clear the borders between states?

The police car had caught up with him was now beside him. An angry-looking, white-faced old man in a cowboy hat waved to him to pull over to the curb and stop.

Let's have your license and registration.

Impossible. He had neither. He had only two things there: a wad of money, and the derringer. He thought quickly trying to decide which to use.

The money. The money first. If that failed, then the derringer.

Menko reached into his pocket, pulled one bill free and handed it to the old man. The old man looked at it, frowned suddenly like a thundercloud. "What's this?"

It was a fifty-dollar bill. Mr. Menko and registration. Menko replied. He smiled tentatively.

The old man squinted, studying the bill, and then Menko's face. He peered into the back seat, then looked the car away from to back. "Now, what in hell have you got hold of here?" Then, with a surprising, far motion, his right hand materialized, flipped open the holster flap, and dropped out, on old .38-caliber Colt Police Positive Special. He took a quick step back away from the Pontiac. "Now you get on onto there, bud. You move slow and easy."

The old man was musing. "I thought you was one for the ladies, but now I ain't so sure. Might just be she's a smarter cat on you."

The old man began to put him, searching him.

The old man felt mumbled to himself and then all at once he shouted: "A Commie! A goddamn Commie!"

WHEN Menko realized what the old man had found he hadn't bothered to remove his official identification cards, and there were what the old man had been musing over, trying to decipher the frozen printing.

Well, well! well! cried the old man, growing excitement in his voice. "I guess maybe it's the Federal Bureau of Investigation that'd like you, bud."

It was while the old man was unbuttoning the door that he took his eyes off Menko for just a second. It was then that Menko unhooked the derringer from his pocket and fired both bullets into the old man's head.

He sat like the Pontiac, feeling the bullet of the shot against his left side as he sat down. He started the engine, backed the car, shifted, avoided the angle-parked motor car, and drove sedately out of town at seventy miles an hour.

The next major city, according to the map, was Columbia, South Carolina. He could risk driving the car that far, but there he would abandon it. He would travel the rest of the way by train to Miami, where he knew Bett would be staying.

Everything was new, everything was different. Menko's confidence had been shaken by the incident in the little South Carolina town, and in the back of his mind there was the growing suspicion that he wasn't going to make it. Miami was a whole new world in which he had no experience. He had no papers, no satisfactory explanation of who he was or where he came from. He had no real idea even where he was going. Except that he knew where Bett was staying in Miami.

BETT Harrow could help him if she chose, and the money should put him in the debt of Bett Harrow's rich and influential father. That was all he needed.

At her motel, Menko crossed to the house phones and called Bett Harrow's room. "Good afternoon, my dear, this is Auguste."

There was the briefest of hesitations. "Well, I'll be damned. You got away from Parker. You must've killed him!"

"You expected less?"

"Where are you?"

"In the lobby. I would like to talk with you."

"Come on up."

She opened the door almost immediately, smiling at him in amusement. "Come in, come in. Tell me all about it."

She closed the door behind him. "I've got you back," she said, as they both sat down. "I didn't expect to see you again. I thought Chuck would use you up."

"Chuck? Ah, yes Parker, you mean."

She shrugged. "He calls himself Chuck. Within sometimes. That's the way I think of him."

"Under any name," he replied, smiling. "He did not cut me up. As you can see."

"I hope you didn't leave him alive anywhere," she said. "I think he'd be a bad man to have for an enemy."

"We need have no fear in that respect."

She shook her head in slow amazement. There's more to you than meets the eye, Auguste, Auguste. Don't you have a better name than that?"

"I can't meet any. Only the one name."

"It's too ridiculous to call you Auguste."

"A minor problem," he said, feeling nevertheless that she should find his name ridiculous. "I suggest we table it for the moment. I have the statue."

"I just can't get it through my head. You really did kill Chuck and take the statue? What about the other one that friends of Chuck's?"

"Both of them. It is a closed issue. I should like to meet your father."

"How do you want to tell him the statue, Twenty-five thousand?"

"Perhaps not. Possibly there is something he can do for me that would be more valuable."

"Like what?" She seemed at once more alert.

He considered his words carefully. "In a way," he said, "I am in this nation illegally. My visa was for a short time

only, and used only in Washington. It is my intention to remove it to the country, therefore I will need papers. Your father is a well-known and influential man. It is not impossible that among his contacts is someone who can furnish me with the appropriate forged papers."

"I don't know if he can help you. If he can is that all you want?"

"One small matter in addition. I have in my possession a rather substantial sum in cash. American. I would prefer not to carry this around with me. Your father perhaps could aid me in placing it in a bank or some other safe repository?"

"How much is a large sum?"

"I have not counted it as yet, but I believe it is approximately one hundred thousand dollars."

Her eyes widened. "My God! Did you take that away from Chuck too?"

"If you mean was it his money—no, it was not."

"All right. Anything else?"

"One more small matter. I had no reservations, and cannot obtain a room here."

"I'll see what I can do."

She went to the phone, spoke to someone at length, and finally hung up. She turned to Menko. "All set. It's on the wrong side of the hotel—no view of the ocean—but it's a room. You can pick the bed up downstairs. I told them your name was John Auguste. Is that all right?"

"Perfectly."

"My father isn't in Miami now, but I will call him. He should be able to get here by tomorrow."

BETT walked him to the door and even bade him a good two inches taller than he. She opened the door and stood holding the knob. "You didn't even try to kill me."

Menko was surprised. It was true that she had greeted him, but he had thought then that it was only because Parker had warned her. Could it be that she actually found him attractive? He was shorter than she, and unfortunately overweight and possibly twenty years her senior.

But it couldn't be the money she was already rich.

Surprised, not quite sure what to make of her, he said, "You must forgive me. I have been as I say, traveling. I am somewhat weary. And now, I must return. My mind has been occupied with my own predicament. This evening I trust you will find me more radiant."

"This evening," she replied. "You can tell me all about how you set the upper head with Chuck. That I've got to hear."

Menko went to the booth and picked up the receiver. "Auguste here."

"This is Ralph Harrow."

"Ah! Mr. Harrow."

"I'm glad you have something to show me. If it's convenient, you could bring it down at 7. Not quite so soon, Menko thought. "Ah, I am sorry. It isn't, ah, completely ready to be shown; not quite yet. But perhaps I could come and discuss the situation with you? In one hour?"

A middle-aged restlessness which could have been nothing but an American businessman—or perhaps a Jewish businessman, but in any case a capitalist businessman—sprang the door to Menko's knock. "Mr. Menko?"

"The name is Auguste, for the moment."

John Auguste. You are Ralph Harrow?"

Harrow fixed a Scotch and water for Menlo, along with a drink for himself in his other hand. He sat down at the opposite end of the sofa. "My daughter tells me you took the statue away from Willis."

"In a manner of speaking," Menlo smiled. "Actually he never did have possession of it."

"Then you're an amazing man. Willis didn't strike me as the kind of man you could take things from. Well, but that's not why you're here. You realize I paid for the statue once, don't you?"

"So I understand."

"Fifty thousand. Willis must have had that on him too. You mean to say you didn't get it?"

"No, I did not. An oversight, possibly."

"Bett tells me you have money. Quite a bit of it. Is cash?"

"From another source entirely, I assure you."

Harrow waved that aside. "The point is, I've already paid for the damn thing. I don't like the idea of having twice."

"Your daughter didn't explain my terms?"

"No, she didn't."

MENLO outlined them quickly; a safe place for his money, the necessary papers to explain himself should it ever become necessary. "And one last thing," he said, "One of my terms is capped, and within the cap is a tiny capsule containing poison. I don't believe—"

"Poison?"

"Yes, I don't be—"

"What on earth for?"

"In my former job it was thought I might find it necessary to take my own life under certain conditions. I somehow do not believe that will ever be necessary now."

"Good God, man, poison! What happens when you eat?"

"In normal activity of the jaw, the capsule cannot be broken. But what I would like, if possible, is to have some dental surgeon remove it. If you could obtain for me a dentist who would not ask a lot of questions, I would be grateful. Most grateful."

"I think that could be arranged," Harrow said, nodding. "I'll speak to my own dentist about it. He's a good man."

"Excellent. And the other items?"

"No problem at all. We'll get you the papers first, and then dispose of the funds. Some you'll want to invest, no doubt, and the balance you'll want handy for living expenses. No problem."

"Very good."

"But now," Harrow said, "I have my terms."

"Ah?"

Harrow's eyes, all at once, were shining. He leaned forward. "Before we go any farther," he said, "I want to hear the details. I want to know exactly how you managed to get the statue away from Willis, and I want to know what on earth your job was that you had to go around with a capsule full of poison in your mouth."

Menlo smiled. "I see." He had forgotten this essential fact about Ralph Harrow: the man was a romantic. It was the first time that he had learned about Harrow, from hearing Parker and Bett talk about him back in Washington. On business matters Harrow was a total realist, but within was a strong streak of romanticism. It was the romantic, not the businessman, who had paid fifty thousand dollars for the mourner. "I will be most happy to tell all," Menlo said.

"Let me refresh that drink first."

"Thank you so much."

Menlo told it all then, from the time he had first received the assignment until he had arrived in Miami, deleting from the story only the sexual encounters with Bett Harrow and the murderous encounter with the old policeman. He talked also about his role as Inspector in Klastavna, and this led Harrow to question him about various high points in his fifteen-year career, and about his life as a guerrilla in the latter stages of World War II. Nearly an hour went by, and Harrow was still asking questions, Menlo still taking. Harrow seemed fascinated, and Menlo, like most people, enjoyed having a good audience.

But finally it was finished. Harrow thanked him for spending so much of his time in telling the story, assuring him again that everything he'd asked for would be supplied. "Now, Mr. Menlo—or should I say Inspector Menlo, eh?—now I do want to see the mourner. The statuette. Could you bring it?"

Menlo considered briefly, but he no longer had any doubts. Harrow could be trusted. He finished his drink, got to his feet. "I shall get it at once."

"Thank you. I'll be waiting."

Menlo rode the elevator back down to the seventh floor, and got the mourner out of his other suitcase. He wrapped the little statuette in one of the white bath towels from the bathroom, and brought it back upstairs under his arm. The elevator operator looked at it oddly, but didn't say anything.

He knocked again, and once again Harrow came on the door. "You were very quick. Is that it?"

"Yes, this is it," Menlo said, and bowed.

Harrow took the bundle and immediately began to unwrap it. "Go on in," he said. "Go on in." He pushed the door closed behind Menlo, and continued to stand there in the foyer, unwrapping the statue.

Menlo walked past him into the sitting room and there was Parker sitting on the white leather sofa, a gun in his hand. Menlo took one shocked look at Parker's face and acted without hesitation; he twisted his jaw hard to the right, and bit down.

Menlo had been too excited, back there in Kapor's house, too excited to think about checking the bodies and making sure the two of them were dead. And a desirer with 22 rim-fire cartridges isn't very much of a gun.

Parker awoke to darkness, with something burning his side. He was lying on his back on a lot of rocks in invisible flame wearing his side. He moved, and the rocks made noises under him, scraping together, and then memory implored into his mind.

The bullet had plowed a deep furrow in the flesh along his side, just above the belt. His whole side was discolored, gray and purplish and black, and sensitive to the touch, like a Charley horse. The furrowed flesh was ragged, and smeared with dried blood. Fresh blood still oozed sluggishly from the wound. As far as he could tell, the bullet wasn't in him, but had scored his side and kept on going.

So he'd come out of it better than Handy. All he had was a pain in the side. It wouldn't even disable him badly.

He looked at his watch again. Ten to twelve. Kapor's party was still going on. To his right he could hear the shallow, labored breathing of Handy. If the party lasted too long, Handy wouldn't make it.

It was getting quieter downstairs. When he could take a chance on walking, he went through the doorway and lurched across to the opposite wall, so he

could lean his right side against it. He moved along, more slowly than he wanted, until he got to the head of the stairs. He peered around the edge of the wall, and he was looking down at the big front hall, with a parquet floor. The front door was open, and people were leaving. Kapor was smiling and nodding, and telling them all good-bye. They were speaking a lot of different languages, French, and German and some others. Nobody was speaking English.

Kapor yawned, parting his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he took out a flat gold cigarette case and took his time lighting a cigarette. When he finally had it going, he turned around and started up the stairs.

He was short and slender and a dandy, with a hawk face and ferret eyes. His hands and face were so pale they looked as though they'd been dusted with flour. He didn't see Parker until he was all the way to the top of the stairs. When he saw Parker, and the gun, he opened his mouth wide without making any sound.

Parker said, "Keep it soft. Walk ahead of me to the trophy room."

"The what?"

"The statues," Parker said.

Sudden alarm showed on Kapor's face, and then was wiped away again. "What are you doing here?"

"We'll talk. In the trophy room."

"Shall I shout for help?"

"You won't shout twice. Move."

Kapor hesitated, thinking it over, but his eyes kept flicking past Parker toward the room where the statues were. He wanted to know if the money was still in the Apollo. He shrugged and walked past Parker down the hall.

"Move slow."

Kapor glanced back at him. "I see you've been wounded."



"Stay away from that phone," Parker told the Red. "or you'll never see your hundred grand again..."

Nude Blonde

"Just move slow and steady."

Parker braced himself, and then staggered over to the opposite wall. He wanted to keep his right side as a support.

Kapor walked into the room first, and stopped short in the doorway, staring at the wreckage. Then he saw the Apollo, with its head off. "What has happened?"

"That's right," Parker told him. "It's gone."

Parker followed him in, and closed the door. He leaned his back against it. He would have liked to sit down on the floor again, but it would have been wrong psychologically.

THEN KAPOR saw Handy lying there, breath still bubbling faintly in and out of him. "Is he the one who shot you?"

"No. You ever hear of Menlo?"

"Auguste Menlo?" Kapor looked surprised, and then frightened, and then artificially surprised. "What would the Inspector have to do with this?"

"We're going to make a deal, Kapor."

"We are? I don't yet know what you're talking about."

"The hundred grand is gone. Go take a look in the statue. It's gone."

"I can see that."

"I can get you half of it back."

"Half?"

"That's better than none."

Kapor glanced at Handy. "He's dying."

"If he dies, the deal's off."

"What deal? Say what you've got to say."

"I can tell you things you want to know, and I can get you half the dough back. That's what I do for you. What you do for me—you get a doctor who won't make a police report on bullet wounds. In your job, you must know a doctor like that."

Kapor nodded briefly. His eyes were wary.

"You also take care of my partner. Keep him here till he's on his feet. When he's well enough to travel, I give you your dough back."

"How do I know you can get it back?"

"I know who's got it, and where he's going."

"You seem sure."

"I am sure. He's too greedy not to go there."

"Whatever that may mean. This other point. You said you could tell me something I might want to know. What would that be?"

"Is it a deal?"

"How do I know, until I've heard what you have to tell me?"

"Forget that part. That's bonus. For half of the dough back, is it a deal?"

Kapor shrugged, and looked at Handy.

"I think he will die anyway. Then you won't give me the money."

"So make up your mind quick. The sooner he sees a doctor, the better."

"If he is going to die and I get no money, why should I deal with you?"

"It's worth the chance."

"Possibly."

"Definitely. You don't have a week to think it over."

"Very true. All right, it's a deal."

"I want a doctor. Fast. For him, to keep him alive. And for me, to tame me up so I can travel. If I can't travel, I can't get your dough back."

"Now, what do you have to tell me that

I want to know?"

"After the doctor gets here. Where do I find a bed?"

"I see." Kapor smiled thinly. "There is no trust wasted between us, eh? Am I permitted to know a name by which I may call you?"

"Pick one you like."

"Of course. You may use the bedroom directly across the hall. As to your friend, I do not think we should move him without medical advice."

"That's right."

Parker slid over until he was clear of the door, then opened it and went out to the hallway. He angled over to the opposite doorway, shoved the door open, flipped the light switch. He didn't see anything else in the room at all, only the bed. He went over and dropped down onto it and rolled over onto his back. He kept the gun in his hand. He closed his eyes, because the ceiling light made them burn, but he wouldn't let himself lose consciousness until the doctor patched him up.

When he woke up, Parker was wearing only shorts and bandages. "What happened to my suit?" he asked.

"All of your clothing was burned last night, except for your socks and shoes, there at the foot of the bed."

"You went through my stuff?"

"Of course," Kapor shrugged. "Could you expect anything else? Perhaps you'd better sit down for a while."

Parker dressed slowly, hampered by his stiffness and weakness.

KAPOR brought him a glass, waved him to a leather armchair, and sat down in another facing him. "Now," he said, "if you think the time has come, I am willing to listen."

"Menlo was sent here by his Ministry. They're onto you, skimming the cream off the dough you handle. They figure you've stolen around a hundred G by now."

"They sent Menlo here to rub you out, quick and quiet. Find the money if he could, but mainly get rid of you. They did it that way, because any other way it might have leaked. There's a big bad of cash due here soon, and they figured you were waiting for that before you took off."

"More perspicacity than I had expected," Kapor said, grim-faced.

"They've been holding it up on purpose, to keep you here till Menlo could get to you."

"We were in it with him. There's a lot more to it than that, but that's the way it winds up."

"So much violence going on, all around me, and I never knew. And I was its target all along. It's a frightening thought. So you came in here last night and Menlo double-crossed you."

"That's it."

"And now you say you know where to find him?"

"Right."

"How?"

"That's my business."

"Ah. Of course." Kapor settled back in his chair, smoking and gazing thoughtfully over Parker's head. "If I want any of my money at all, I suppose I had best go along with you."

"That's right."

"I imagine you plan to kill Menlo?"

"Yes."

"Please do a better job on him than he

did on you."

"Don't worry."

"Not about that, no. But about this other matter. How long do I have before the Ministry decides to send someone else?"

"I don't know."

"Are they aware of Menlo's change of heart?"

"I don't think so. Spannack found out, but he's dead. Menlo claimed Spannack wouldn't have reported to them until he'd taken care of things."

"That sounds logical. Spannack was the ultimate egotist. But how did he find out in the first place? If he did, won't others?"

"No. It was an earlier double cross, before my partner and I came in on it."

"It sounds so complex. I have the feeling I've heard barely a quarter of the story."

Parker shrugged. You heard all of your part."

"Yes. Economy in all things. I assume Menlo has left Washington?"

"Yes."

"Do you feel strong enough to travel?"

"I think so."

"Will you want anyone with you? I can offer you one or two willing helpers."

"I can handle it myself."

"Yes, I suppose you can. Very well, then. Can I make any sort of travel reservations for you?"

"Yes. The first plane I can get to Miami."

"Miami! He's spending my money already, is he?"

"Yes."

Kapor squinted again, gazing over Parker's shoulder. "Now, I wonder," he said. "You tell me Menlo is in Miami. I wonder—"

"Forget it. Miami is a big town. I know where in Miami; you don't. I know who he's going to contact."

Kapor smiled sadly. "You are perfectly correct. I fear I must be satisfied with fifty per cent. Now, one last question. How long rest home on Monday. I shall expect you of us can be certain how long the Ministry will remain patient."

"Three or four days at the most. But what about my partner?"

"Ah, yes. If I disappear, what becomes of him? You won't return before Monday, I take it."

"I doubt it," Parker answered.

"I will talk to the doctor. If he agrees, I will have your friend moved to a private rest home on Monday. I shall expect you to pay the bill, of course, out of your half of my money."

"It isn't your money either," Parker reminded him.

KAPOR laughed. "The doctrine of private poetry," he said. "Don't you know that's against my religion? Nevertheless, I should prefer that you take care of the expenses of your friend's confinement."

"I'll take care of it."

"Excellent. I shall now call the airport and make your reservation. When the time comes you will be driven to the airport."

"Great."

"Do you want to see your friend now?"

"Is he awake?"

"No. I'm sorry to say he is still unconscious."

"Then never mind."

"Whatever you say. 35 Kapor got to his

feet. "If there's anything you need," he said, "do not hesitate to ask."

"I won't," Parker mowed across the crowded lobby, keeping his left elbow stuck out to protect his side, and pushed through to the desk. He signaled, and when one of the clerks came over he said, "Ralph Harrow. He checked in yet?"

Learning the Harrow's room number, he leaned in, sat down, and waited.

Parker heard them come in, father and daughter. Two bellboys came in with them carrying the luggage, and Harrow and his daughter didn't say anything to one another till the bellboys left.

He was now in the small dining room to the right of the sitting room; it was the least likely room for either Harrow or Bett to come into. If they did he could duck into the kitchen. The connecting door was open, and he stood behind it, listening. Bett filled her father in on Menlo, explaining that Parker was dead and Menlo had the statue but was not likely to be too demanding about price. Menlo was in the country illegally, and apparently merely wanted Harrow to help him establish a safe background for himself and also to arrange for a safe place for a large amount of cash he had with him.

"How can I help him establish a background? I don't know anything about that sort of thing," Harrow said.

"What difference does that make?" She said. "Promise him anything. Once you've got the statue, what do you care? What can he do to you?"

"That's too dangerous, Elizabeth." "I don't see why. You promise to help him, he gives you the statue, and you tell him it might take a few days and then call the FBI. You give them the anonymous tip that there's an undesirable alien staying here without papers. They take him away and that's the end of it. Menlo can't ever prove you were the one who turned him in."

"I don't know..."

BUT Bett kept talking, persuading him, and finally he came around. She gave him the name Melno was using—John Andre—and his address in New York. Harrow put in a call and waited a minute, then hung up. "He left word at the desk that he'd be out on the beach. They'll page him."

"I'd better get out of here then."

"I'll call you after it's over."

"You want me to call the FBI, don't you?"

"His voice was weak. 'If you would.'"

"Don't worry, Daddy. Bett will take care of everything."

In a few minutes the phone in the next room rang, and Harrow spoke briefly to Menlo, who said he'd be up in an hour. Parker settled down to wait.

Menlo finally arrived, and sat down to discuss terms with Harrow. It was just as Bett had said, plus some nonsense about a dentist. Harrow agreed to everything, and it once Harrow started asking questions about Menlo's past and Menlo had to tell him his whole life story.

Menlo finally did leave, and the moment he was gone Parker walked into the living room.

Harrow turned, saw him, and dropped his drink. "My God!"

"Keep it low," Parker said.

"He—he said you were dead," Harrow pointed foolishly at the door. "He said you were dead."

"He thought I was. He still thinks so. Sit down, Harrow. Take a minute, get used to the idea."

"You really want to go through all that

garbage with the FBI? What makes you think Menlo couldn't wriggle out of it? He's a big man back home; that wasn't crap he was feeding you. He tells his boss he got the money but couldn't get Kapor because his plans got fouled up; that he was in Miami holding up until he could get back to Washington to try again. They'll swallow it, they've got no reason to trust him. So then he's free, and there's a whole espionage apparatus he can turn around and aim at you. You call the FBI on him, and he'll make you dead. Menlo's no boy to play with."

Harrow pursed his lips, and chewed his cheeks, and stared into what was left of his drink. "You could be right."

"So instead you leave Menlo to me. He gives you the statue, then I take care of him. And he won't be coming back to bother you or anybody else."

"And what do you want for this?"

"Just the gun, same as before."

"I don't have it here."

"You better get it quick. If Bett gave you some fancy ideas about crossing me too, forget it. Menlo didn't even manage to kill my partner. He's in a private rest home in Washington, and if he doesn't hear from me at the same time every day, he'll know you made trouble for me. Then he makes trouble for you."

"From a hospital bed?"

"He won't be in it forever."

Harrow thought that one over. Finally he said, "All right. The gun is in the hotel safe, I'll have it sent up."

"And when we take care of Menlo. We don't want any bellboys coming in at the wrong time."

"No. You're right."

There was a soft rapping at the door. Harrow looked startled, and Parker said, "That's his now."

"Do quickly?"

"Don't let it throw you. Just go out there and let him in. Get the statue away from him before he sees me, so he doesn't get a chance to try and break it or something."

"The statue!" Harrow hurriedly got to his feet. "The statue," he muttered, and went out through the doorway into the foyer. Parker, still seated on the sofa, heard him say, "You were very quick. Is that it?"

Then Menlo's voice. "Yes, this is it."

"Go on in," Harrow said. His voice was shaking, and Parker shook his head in disgust. "Go on in."

But Menlo didn't tip. He came on in through the foyer doorway, and stood stock still when he saw Parker sitting there. The blood drained from his face and then all of a sudden he did something peculiar with his face, twisting his mouth around. Then he pitched over forward onto the carpet.

Harrow came in, clutching the mourner to his chest. "What did you do?"

"Nothing," Parker got to his feet. "The goddam fool. The poison."

"Poison? You mean, in his tooth?"

"Yeah," Parker knelt beside him. "He's dead all right."

"For God's sake, man, how do we explain this?"

"We don't. We stash him away in a closet or something. Tonight, around midnight, pour some booze over him, and drop him off the terrace. Who's to know what floor the poor drunk fell from? Bett will be here to corroborate your story. He didn't fall from here."

"I couldn't do that!" Harrow was staring at Menlo's body with horror.

"The hell. All right, call down for the gun now."

"But—"

"Call for the gun! Stop worrying about

Melno."

Harrow made the call, his voice trembling, while Parker dragged the body out onto the terrace in to a corner where it couldn't be seen from inside the suite. He heard Harrow ask that the package that was being held for him in the safe be brought up to the suite.

THEY waited in silence. Harrow seemed more shaken by Menlo's death than Parker would ever have guessed.

After a while a bellboy came with a small package wrapped in brown paper. Harrow tipped him and sent him on his way, while Parker opened it. The gun was inside all right. Parker stowed it away inside his jacket. "Phone Bett. Tell her to come up here but don't say that I'm here."

BETT knocked at the door ten minutes later. He went over and opened it, and she stared at him. "Come on in, Bett," he said.

She came in, not saying anything, just staring at him. She was wearing pink slacks and a white shirt.

"Come over here, Bett." He took her elbow and guided her through the sitting room and out onto the terrace.

"How was he, Bett? In the rack, I mean."

"You killed him," she said in a whisper.

"Better than that. Menlo killed himself. He did a better job than he did on me."

"He swore you were dead. He described how he did it. How could he get the statue away from you if you weren't dead?"

Parker went back into the sitting room, and she followed him. "You want a drink, Bett?"

"Please."

"You know where the bar is. I went bourbon."

She hesitated, and then went over and got the drinks.

"You like the strong ones," he said. "That's the way it is, isn't it? You don't care what they look like, or what they smell like, or if they're any good in the rack or not. You just want the strong ones. Menlo was going to double-cross me, so we made him strong, and you took him into your bed in Washington. Then he came down here and told you how he'd really killed Parker, and that made him the strongest of all. You have a good night last night, Bett?"

"The hell with you," she said.

HE finished the bourbon and put the glass down. "I'm leaving tonight," he said, "and after that we're finished. You can't be trusted. You like to watch violence too much. But we've got hours yet before I take off."

"How did you do it, Parker? Chuck, how did you do it?" she whispered.

"Menlo's dead," he said. "I'm alive. I've got the dough he tried to take off with. I delivered the mourner to your father. And I got the gun from him. Yeah, I got the gun. So who's the strongest now, Bett?"

He could feel it coursing through him, like electricity, strong enough to blot the twisters in his side, to shake him loose any stiffness or soreness in his body. The job was over, and it was always like this after a job. A satyr, inexhaustible and insatiable. He was twelve feet tall.

For a moment he thought of Handy, recuperating... and Kapor waiting for his money. Well, they could wait.

He walked toward the bedroom. "This was," Bett said. "We've got five or six hours yet."

She followed him through the doorway, and shut the door behind her.

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